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THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

HITLER has triumphed in the Saar beyond even Nazi expectations. The Saar is completely German in spirit, and the call to remain with the Fatherland has been far more powerful than the hope of saving a corner of Germany from assimilation to Nazidom. Our correspondent in Saarbrücken describes in this week's issue the various methods by which the Nazi increased their majority. But when allowance has been made for terrorism and misrepresentation, Hitler's victory is overwhelming. What we have to consider now is the completion of the settlement with Germany, and the safeguards of the minority when the Saar goes back to the Reich—probably on March 1st.

The Saar Settlement

The French have raised, as might have been expected, a number of difficulties. They are less inclined than the British to take Hitler's promises at their face value. No one doubts his sincerity when he denies any desire to recover Alsace-Lorraine: Hitler has always declared that his ambitions for German expansion lie in the East, not in the West. Moreover, the Nazi method is not invasion but the stirring up and financing of German-speaking minorities in the countries that border the Fatherland. But these doubts should not interfere with a speedy settlement about the Saar. Time should be given for refugees to escape abroad and everything done that can be done by the League authorities in the Saar to see that the remaining minority is in fact safeguarded against local Nazi violence. Six weeks should be long enough to settle the outstanding economic questions of the mines and the currency. The most difficult remaining problem was the French demand that the Saar should be guaranteed as a "demilitarised" zone. But on this point, too, agreement in principle is now reported to have been reached.

National Disputes

Apart from the Saar, the League of Nations Council has a whole batch of quarrels among member-States to deal with. It was thought that the Jugoslav-Hungarian dispute was practically disposed of; but Mr. Eden, who is in charge of the matter, is having some difficulty. The Hungarian Government considers that it has cleared itself and asks to be discharged immediately, while the Jugoslavs want to keep it in the dock, so to speak, for further examination. Nor have Italy and Abyssinia yet succeeded in coming to the private agreement which was hoped for. If this is not reached very soon, Abyssinia will presumably appeal formally to the League under Art. XI of the Covenant. That will annoy Mussolini

and will doubtless cause a good deal of trouble; but it will not mean war. On the other hand, while the League may be able to keep peace in Africa, it cannot stop the abominable war in South America. The terms it laid down a month and more ago have been accepted by Bolivia, but Paraguay has shilly-shallied. She has already been granted two extensions of time for her reply, and the patience of the Council is exhausted. It is now proposed that the embargo on the supply of arms to Bolivia should be lifted.

War and Oil

Few people can see any sense in the Chaco war or in the obstinacy of the Paraguayans. There seems, indeed, only one explanation that makes sense, and that is—oil. Rich oil deposits were discovered some time ago near the western borders of the Chaco. Bolivia is deeply interested in oil, and the Standard Oil Company is deeply interested in Bolivia. But the Paraguayans also had their eye on the Chaco oil, and it was the prospect of its annexation by Bolivia, and not a passionate desire for the ownership of swamps and jungles, that led them to war. This oil business was obscurely referred to in the report of the League Commission; it has been mentioned in the South American press, but hardly at all in British newspapers. It is discussed in the January number of *Highway*. Oil plays a part also in the frontier dispute between Persia and Iraq, since the area in dispute, on the Shatt al Arab river, provides the outlet to the sea for the shipping of both countries. The issues are complicated, and at the moment there appears to be a deadlock on a legal point—the validity of certain documents regulating the present frontier. Mr. Eden has proposed that this shall be referred to the Permanent Court of International Justice, and it is hoped that the way will thus be cleared for a final and more or less amicable settlement.

Political Prospects

Rumour is busy with a general election before the end of the year. It is by no means impossible. The present boomlet (as we may think it if we live far enough away from the distressed areas) may not last another winter, and the Government may wish to make sure of the election before the next slump. The Conservatives will also be anxious to capitalise the emotions raised by the happy conjunction of the new Indian Constitution and the twenty-fifth anniversary of the King's reign. We must look forward to a highly patriotic year. In any case the possibilities of an election are real enough to startle all the parties into new activity. Labour leaders have been publicly discussing preparations and funds for the campaign, and Transport House has actually produced new editions of *Labour and Education*, *Fair Rents*, *Up with the Houses* and the party programme in modern covers, with striking designs—an astonishing and pleasing proof that someone has been sticking a pin in somewhere. But the political sensation is, of course, Mr. Lloyd George, who opens his campaign with a speech at Bangor. His venture is supported, rather unexpectedly, by an archiepiscopal blessing from Lord Snowden. And Lord Snowden was the most strenuous opponent of that section of the last Labour Cabinet which wished for an expansion scheme rather like that proposed by Mr. Lloyd George, and no statesman alive has been so devoted a servant of the City penguins. What are we to conclude? That Mr. Lloyd George's scheme is not after all going to upset the City; or that Lord Snowden's views of finance have changed since he has no longer the responsibility of the Treasury on his shoulders?

The Housing Bill

The new Housing Bill, which appears as we go to press, is an ambitious measure. It shows Sir Hilton Young in a new light, and, imperfect though it is, it promises a substantial advance towards the solution of the problem. Its outstanding features are the establishment of a minimum standard of accommodation and the extension of subsidies for new building. The criterion of overcrowding is to be based on the principle of not more than two persons to a room, with separate accommodation for the sexes over ten years of age, and with a minimum floor space per occupant. Overcrowding is to be made a punishable offence, and the local authorities are required to survey their areas and to provide with the least possible delay the necessary accommodation for tenants who will be displaced. That means, especially in the urban centres, new building on a large scale, as well as reconditioning, and the Government have at last admitted the necessity of subsidies in order to bring the rents within the reach of masses of the poorer people. A sop is given, as was expected, to the landlords whose property is taken over in the shape of more generous compensation where they have done their best to keep it in habitable condition. And, as a concession presumably to critics of the Ministry of Health as a central housing authority, an Advisory Committee is to be set up. How effective this will be remains to be seen.

Our Meat Supply and the Empire

The Australians have accepted, for three months only, a very moderate rationing of their meat exports to Great Britain; but the agreement runs only for three months and the permanent policy for dealing with the meat problem remains quite uncertain. Mr. Lyons, in counselling acceptance, urged that the Australian producers were deeply interested in meat prices, which the agreement was designed to maintain, and that the rationing bore much more heavily on Argentina, which has had to accept a 35 per cent. cut. But he also argued that Australia must find an expanding market in Great Britain if she is to meet her accumulated debt claims on investments which were made in anticipation of a steady growth of her primary exports to Great Britain. The more extreme Australian spokesmen claim that, if Mr. Elliot wants to cut imports, he ought to do all the cutting at the expense of Denmark and Argentina, and none at the expense of the Dominions. But every responsible person knows this to be quite impracticable, especially as chilled beef supplies from Australia are still small. What is clear in the light of British population trends is that, whatever Mr. Elliot and his successors do about British agriculture, there will not be an expanding market for meat in this country unless the standard of living is allowed to rise. Plenty of people would eat a great deal more meat if they could afford it, and that must be the way out. But an expansion of demand will by no means be brought nearer by rationing schemes designed to raise prices and thereafter keep them high.

British Trade in 1934

The so-called "visible adverse balance of trade" for 1934 comes to nearly £295 millions, as against £260 millions in 1933. How the "balance of payments" will work out remains to be seen; for the Board of Trade has not yet published its annual estimate of the "invisible" items. Receipts from overseas investments were, however, probably better than in 1933, despite the worsening of the German situation; and there is not likely to be either a considerable surplus or a considerable deficit on international payments as a whole. What the figures do show very clearly is that there are, for this country, quite narrow limits to the policy of cutting down imports by tariffs and quotas—unless, of course, we are prepared to accept a substantial reduction in the British standard of life. Even the small revival of industrial activity has substantially increased our imports. It was bound to do so, because we depend so largely on imported raw materials —to say nothing of petrol and other oils, which count in the statistics as manufactured goods. Mr. Elliot has kept down our imports of foodstuffs by means of his quotas, but only at the cost of raising the prices of what have been allowed to come in. If revival goes farther in 1935, the cost of imports is bound to increase, both because we shall buy more and because the sterling price of our imports will probably rise. But British capitalists need not be unduly alarmed. More imports will mean more exports, though not necessarily to an equivalent extent. And, even if Great Britain does live a little on its hump, it is still a very big hump.

Censorship of Films

We agree with the Archbishop of Canterbury and his friends who waited on the Prime Minister on Tuesday in their desire to improve the standard of the cinema. But we are more than doubtful about the value of a new censorship. There are, in fact, two censorships now, one exercised by the trade through its Board of Film Censors, the other by local authorities, which can prohibit the showing in their area of films that they consider harmful or improper. In spite of this the plague of bad films continues. Then why not stop it by more censorship? Apart from any objection in principle, it is not so simple as it sounds. What are the bad films that it is desired to ban? Most of the critics concentrate their charges on tales of fornication and violence. But these are not the real mischief. Far greater in volume, and far more pernicious in its effects on children and adolescents —and adults also—is the typical trash and tinsel from Hollywood, glorifying riches, success, and "Society." Would an official censorship be any more effective than the present private Board in ridding us of this? And would it not be likely to go farther even than some of the local authorities have gone in banning, from puritanical or political motives, films that intelligent and unprejudiced persons think good?

A Threat to Justice

The British Press, somnolent for the most part where large matters of liberty are at stake, is quick enough to spot and condemn smaller threats to the rights of the individual. It was gratifying to see how spontaneously newspapers of all shades of opinion trounced the coroner at Weymouth for allowing a recent inquest to be conducted in the way it was. The manner in which two persons against whom no charge of any sort had been formulated were subjected to what amounted to a trial for murder was a scandal to fair dealing. The absence of rules in a coroner's court makes such a practice peculiarly perilous for an innocent party. The Weymouth case was not an isolated one. The remedy would seem to lie either in a complete overhaul of the coroner system and the provision of a code for the conduct of inquests, or else in a stricter ruling to the police on how far they may go in using an inquest for their own purposes. Since the inquiry, following the Irene Savage case, into allegations of "third degree," the police have sometimes shown a tendency to use an inquest for eliciting from persons they suspect the kind of information they formerly managed to obtain in other ways. Perhaps the most notorious example of this was the inquest held some years ago on a murdered shopkeeper at Reading, when an actor named Philip Drew was suspected of having been implicated in the crime. It is time the scandal was ended.

"Shamateurs"

The absurdity of the amateur and professional distinction in British sport was never shown to greater advantage than in the decision of the Lawn Tennis Association to allow amateurs to work for the films without losing their status. The new rule has been made, of course, in order to allow Perry to accept some of the tempting financial offers he has recently received and yet retain him as a good amateur for Wimbledon and the Davis Cup. In lawn tennis, amateurism has long been a pretence anyhow, and now the amateur becomes more of a "shamateur" than ever. He may earn a vast sum on the films for his prowess as a player, and remain of the true amateur band, but he still may not earn the comparatively trifling sum which is to be had by giving lessons; if he does, he passes beyond the pale of the good and true into the outer darkness of professionalism. The whole thing is a piece of public school snobbishness and tomfoolery. Thank goodness, the new ruling on film-work knocks the entire bottom out of such case as there was and brings the end of the system sensibly nearer.

Alarums on the Gold Front

In the middle of the week there was excitement in the foreign exchange markets over rumours that the U.S. Supreme Court was about to declare invalid President Roosevelt's abrogation of the "gold clause." Of course if such a decision were given, and had to be accepted by the Administration, the existing devaluation of the dollar could not be maintained, and American currency would suddenly double in value, with the most sensational repercussions abroad. But if the Supreme Court did decide against the President, he would be practically bound to discover a way round its decision in order to save his policy from complete reversal. One way suggested is the offsetting of transactions involving full payment in gold at the old dollar parity by special taxation. Meanwhile the speculators in currency have been thoroughly enjoying themselves, and have enhanced their pleasure by spreading rumours of the impending devaluation of the franc.

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COMPLETE IMPARTIALITY

WE are glad to have an authoritative statement that there is no danger of propaganda in any approved school text-books used by the L.C.C. We confess to having been seriously disturbed on the subject. First, Mr. Jenkyn Thomas, President of the Association of Headmasters, complained that the London Labour Party had asked the L.C.C. Education Committee to examine school text-books now in use in order to free them from "capitalistic, patriotic and militaristic taint . . . they wanted these books remodelled in the interests of their own policy." He asserted that the books "now used in the schools were absolutely and entirely free from any suspicion of being compiled in the interest of any political party. They contain neither capitalist nor socialist propaganda." To permit bias to enter them amounted to "cooking the children's books" and that was "a grievous sin against the moral code." The *Times* accepted Mr. Thomas's statement without the least reserve. It added the assurance that there could be no need for "a partisan investigation" of school books, and saw in the L.C.C. decision to "rewrite school text-books" a dangerous example of the tendency to insist on a "monistic" attitude in criticism of historical writing as a whole. Mr. Herbert Morrison was able, however, to write to the *Times* pointing out that it had misrepresented the L.C.C., which had not dreamt of rewriting text-books, but had merely instructed an existing Committee under the chairmanship of Professor R. H. Tawney—

> To examine and report on all text-books in use in L.C.C. schools, with a view to replacing those books not regarded as accurate and reliable with books of a more impartial character.

No "rewriting" was proposed or intended: the *Times* and Mr. Jenkyn Thomas were making a lot of noise about nothing.

Thus our fears were laid to rest on both sides. We have it on the authority of the *Times* and Mr. Jenkyn Thomas that there is no bias in the existing text-books and we learn from Mr. Morrison that the L.C.C. is not intending to introduce one. Yet we may perhaps be forgiven for citing certain passages which are taken from books on the L.C.C. list. We quote them not as examples of propaganda, which the *Times* informs us does not exist, but in order to illustrate the difficulties which those who were investigating the subject might well feel before their doubts were set at rest by the authoritative statement in the *Times*.

Our researches have not so far gone very deep. The following extracts are merely selected at random from a few current history books on the L.C.C. list. Let us take, as an example of impartial historical writing, the following extract from Mr. J. A. Brendon's *Britain and Her Neighbours*, Book VII:

> . . . it was generally hoped in Western Europe that the revolution would have the result of increasing the effectiveness of Russia's participation in the war. The hope was doomed to disappointment. The people, intoxicated by freedom, lost their heads, and allowed themselves to be duped by the specious promises of certain extreme revolutionaries. The latter, led by Lenin, a German agent, supported by German money, quickly usurped power. . . . The Russian peasants drank in Lenin's words, and his alluring promises soon infected the navy and army. . . . Lenin was thus able to achieve the purpose of his German masters. . . . Man is naturally acquisitive; and his acquisitive instinct, his determination to possess, is a great incentive to human progress; it is the motive power which drives the wheels of industry and commerce. The Bolsheviks, by destroying private property, destroyed all property in Russia. They left nothing for the community to share, and so reduced the whole country to a condition of indescribable misery. . . . The government established by the Bolsheviks was, nominally, a *soviet* government. . . . In effect, this so-called majority rule was rule by a ruthless and corrupt minority, upheld by an army of foreign mercenaries.

We admit that our doubts return as we read this example of impartial history, containing neither socialistic nor capitalistic bias. What occurs to us is not, of course, that the writer was in any way biased in favour of the capitalist system or the allied cause in the war, but that the Russians, who claim certain merits and successes for their regime and who have recently entered the League of Nations and are on friendly terms with us, might, should this extract reach their notice, regard it as a not altogether fair statement. Similarly, might not an intelligent child who had heard, perhaps from biased parents, about the circumstances that attended the triumph of Mussolini in Italy and the very large number of intelligent and cultured Italians now in exile or prison for opposing the Fascist regime, consider the following account in some measure partial? While hesitating to differ from either the *Times* or the learned author, we do question whether "all that was best in the young manhood of Italy rallied" to Mussolini's side.

> The movement arose as a measure of protection against the forces of Communism and revolution. Finland led the way by raising over 100,000 White Guards to maintain social order. Next Hungary put down the Red Terror, and Germany grappled successfully with the Spartacists. Italy was in graver danger, for her northern provinces seethed with Communism, and openly proclaimed the doctrines of the Russian Bolshevists. . . . Then Signor Mussolini came forward and organised the forces of counter-revolution. In 1919 he formed the first Fascist companies or "fighting bands of social order," and all that was best in the young manhood of Italy rallied to his side. . . the Fascist leader became absolute Dictator, and he proceeded to re-establish law and security and to restore Italy in the eyes of Europe. (*The Beginner's History of England*. By E. W. Miller.)

To an Englishman it is clear that British imperial rule has been entirely beneficial to the subject peoples we have conquered. But, though completely impartial, we should have thought it wiser to phrase differently the following passages in the book by Mr. Brendon, from which we have already quoted:

> If the British have ruled wisely, they have also ruled unselfishly, and have consistently allowed the natives to take a larger and larger share in the management of their own affairs. . . . Unfortunately, many Indians have failed to see the advantages, and have blinded themselves to the intentions of British rule, and many extremists urge that everything British should be driven from the country.

And we are really in doubt whether Mr. Gandhi or, indeed, any of the literate inhabitants of India, would testify to the impartiality of the following statement from *The Soldier of the Empire*, by Captain F. P. Roe:

> The Empire of to-day has the most perfect policemen in the world. They watch over it and persuade it to keep peace within its borders and not to quarrel with its neighbours. Some years ago they had to rise up and defend it just as they did of old, and to-day that Empire is the greatest influence for peace and good government and justice throughout the world . . . and in years to come, when the natives of each country have learned how to look after themselves and to keep their country as prosperous and as peaceful and as justly governed as we keep it now, then Britain will welcome the people of that country into a *share* of its own government. Until that time they depend

> upon us to build up their trade and to defend them with our Navy, Army, and Air Force. . . . In India, the only man who never loses his head, and the man who keeps his good humour and impartial justice in all situations, is the British soldier, and there is not a single honest Indian throughout the length and breadth of the Indian Empire who wants to see the British soldier sail away. . . .

Finally, we offer a second quotation from Mr. Miller's book. He writes :

> The Executive Committee of the Trades Unions then called a General Strike of all transport-workers and threatened to throw the country into chaos. The whole nation rallied to the Government in the interests of law and order, and the General Strike was withdrawn after a few days.

Our difficulty is clear at last. Here is an unexceptionable statement, entirely free from bias. And yet in order to preserve this impartiality the " whole nation " has to be cited as distinct from and as excluding some millions of citizens who believed themselves to be British, in spite of the fact that they did not rally to the Government, but were in fact on strike against the Government. It will be seen that impartiality to some extent depends on the point of view. What is completely impartial to the *Times*, Mr. Jenkyn Thomas and Captain Roe is not impartiality to the Indians. We know from Captain Roe that all " honest " Indians agree with him just as we know from Mr. Miller that the whole nation rallied against the strikers who erroneously believed themselves to be part of it. Can it be that the *Times* and Mr. Jenkyn Thomas have not adequately defined impartiality, or is it that they have not adequately examined the text-books and that an investigation is, after all, desirable ?

THE SAAR PLEBISCITE

[FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT IN SAARBRÜCKEN]

January 15th.

THE Saar has been through a variety of conflicting emotions in the last ten days. On the Sunday before the plebiscite, everyone shared a certain surprise at the dimensions and the morale of the meeting called by the United Socialist and Communist Front, in which the anti-Nazi Catholics did not directly participate. The German Front leaders themselves indulged in the rather helpless explanation that 40,000 Communists from Lorraine had invaded the Saar. In the following week the German Front hastened to make up for lost time. The aggressive Spaniol policy had, months ago, been superseded by the simple-child line of Leader Pirro, the type of Nazi who believed the tales he told of those jolly nursing-homes at Dachau or Oranienburg. But Pirro, God help him, vanished some weeks ago, and the leadership has fallen to a stout fellow called Nietmann, who tells one, with rather too-knowing a look, that Pirro's health is alarmingly delicate.

Nietmann and those who advise him achieved a remarkably rapid and skilful intensification of their system of intimidation in the days which followed January 6th. In the Berlin People's Court the lay judges are chosen for their conspicuous prowess in combating subversive tendencies. Against the final technique of the German Front some organisation skilled in combating resurgent tendencies should have been mobilised. The methods of both Governing and Plebiscite Commission were far too normal to be noticeable ; each, moreover, was afraid of treading on the other's toes. Mr. Knox, who is not without the additional qualification, had had to content himself with averting the risk of war by introducing the international forces. But in effect the troops, very carefully kept in the background, have done nothing but clear the stage for the German Front ; without risking a *Putsch*, the Nazis were able virtually to hold the plebiscite themselves.

It must be pointed out, at the risk of repetition, that most Saarlanders, all but those who were really politically minded, were lamentably muddled about the issue. It is clear to those who have studied the question that, if the Saar had voted for the continuance of the League regime, it would have been simple enough, in practice, to arrange a later revision. But from a juridical or diplomatic point of view, it would not have been correct to have made this clear to the people of the Saar ; the Saar Statute was so badly drafted in 1919 as to be incapable of exact interpretation, while a declaration in favour of another vote in the future would have been an incorrect aspersion upon Hitler. So the Plebiscite Commission took refuge in a version of the Report of Baron Aloisi's Committee which was even less comprehensible than the original text ; this was embodied in an official proclamation to the bewildered voters. Another element of confusion, for a politically primitive population, was the fact that both the German Front and its opponents professed to be fighting for the real Germany ; one can imagine that many anti-Nazis felt they must be doing what the *Einheitsfront* wanted when they put a cross in the third circle on their voting-papers, opposite the words *Union with Germany*. There is also no doubt that wavering Catholics " went German " in the later days of the plebiscite campaign, either because they took alarm at the evident strength of the Communist element at the meeting on January 6th, or because of the pressure exerted by their Bishops in Germany.

The tactics of the German Front were exactly the right ones in the circumstances. Since the summer of 1933, it has been difficult for anti-Nazis to distribute or receive any newspapers in the Saar. In the week before the plebiscite, the Nazis tightened up the boycott, and streets here and there were littered with anti-Nazi newspapers torn to shreds. Both sides were supposed to be allowed to display an equal number of posters on official hoardings. This supposition was flagrantly ignored. Nazi posters appeared on the landings inside the houses which consist of flats, and in many ingenious positions. *Einheitsfront* posters, poverty-stricken in their original appearance, were usually torn down ; more disastrous than this a poster which, it seems, was a genuine appeal from the French Government, was always put up so as to overlap on to an *Einheitsfront* appeal. Occasionally the " *status quo* " people scored a point. " They died for you," one German Front poster announced, in presenting the ghosts of two soldiers— " On June 30th ! " added the *Einheitsfront*. It did not help. Bürckel told the assembled press at Kaiserslautern that there would be no concentration camps in the Saar, while man after man was receiving horrible threats to belie these promises. The *Blockwärte* went round taking down the particulars from voters' qualifying papers ; the *Einheitsfront* tried vainly to counteract the impression which this made. Any observer could watch the manner of the Nazi youths in the streets grow more aggressive day by day. The German Front utilised the supposed helplessness of voters arriving from abroad to transform their *Ordnungsdienst* into something like subsidiary police. Each day the co-operation between the official police and the Nazi auxiliaries seemed a little closer ; one was forcibly reminded of the look of things in Germany in the days before the Reichstag elections of March, 1933.

The process of amalgamation culminated on the day of the plebiscite, when all the local firemen were enlisted as auxiliary police. And everywhere one went, in Homburg, Neunkirchen, Saarlouis, Völklingen, in small villages or in Saarbrücken itself, the Red Cross organisation was somehow peculiarly evident. Firemen and Red Cross personnel are appointed by the local authorities—they were all *gleichgeschaltet* long ago, that is to say. Voters were made to feel that they were being minutely supervised by the German Front. So many Red Cross people suggested imminent bloodshed ; in practice, they seemed fully occupied in conducting to the voting cells the enormous number of lame, halt and blind whom the Nazis transported to the polling-stations. Everywhere one saw great postal buses sent across the frontier from Germany to help with the transportation. The snow on the ground emphasised

sentimental German traditions. The Stuttgart wireless thundered away; it announced that all the anti-Nazi leaders had basely deserted their followers and had travelled comfortably to Basle or Nancy. Inside the polling-stations everything was correct; in every voting-cell the voter was assured by a notice that the vote was absolutely secret. But suggestion had expelled all reasonable consideration with the success it so easily achieves among German voters. There have been few cases of violence so far, but each night last week the people in "*status quo*" haunts looked round more anxiously when a door opened; from Sunday onwards the doors were locked, or a man on guard.

The Saar is a forest of flags to-day—477,119 votes for Germany and only 46,513 for the "*status quo*." The Nazis themselves are surprised. "Who would have thought it?" one hears hearty people exclaim in the streets. The separate figures show all the signs of a terrorised electorate, a bigger minority in the towns (e.g., Saarbrücken and Neunkirchen), a tiny minority in small country districts; the peasants were certainly less Nazi than the miners, but dissidence is more conspicuous in the little rural areas. Geneva should be grateful, for there will be no head-splitting problems about dividing the Territory; it will all be simple enough now. The German authorities will soon be here, and we shall hear little more of the Plebiscite Tribunal which is due to remain till January, 1936. It may be that the torchlight procession to-night will claim the advance victims of victorious Germany, or there may yet be a few days' grace.

Max Braun will not leave the Saar; he spoke this morning to the people who have remained faithful to him. "We shall go on fighting," he said, "against greater odds, but with greater determination, than before, though some of you have deserted and more of you will do so; we shall go on fighting for human rights, for the proletariat of Germany and of the world. You, who remain, are precious; do not be provoked by our enemies in the next few days." The Workers' Welfare Hall was full; all the people who came there know what the immediate future offers them. When Max Braun had spoken, their faces glowing, they sang the *International* in no uncertain tones.

A LONDON DIARY

I HAVE frequently come across cases of poor people who have been done out of their legal rights, not by malice on the part of lawyers or officials, but simply by their ignorance of the extremely complex provisions of the various acts dealing with rent restrictions, pensions, workmen's compensation and unemployment and health insurance. "Poor Man's Lawyers" do their best and so do the Trade Unions. But the need for technical information, especially among the unemployed, remains immense, and I am glad that the B.B.C. has arranged with the National Council of Social Services to set up what amounts to an information bureau for the poor and the unemployed. Mr. Clements explained the details of the scheme to the unemployed in a broadcast talk at 11.0 on Monday, January 7th. I am told that three hundred letters asking for information reached the B.B.C. within twenty-four hours and nearly as many again during the next few days. In this service, every letter is to be answered, as promptly as possible, by experts. This is surely an admirable new use for the wireless.

* * *

The Home Office is proposing to issue regulations submitting non-inflammable films to the licensing power of local authorities. Whether the Home Secretary has the legal right to do this, I doubt: that these regulations would be an indefensible assault upon our liberties, I am certain. In practice it would mean extending the control of the British Board of Film Censors (a purely commercial body controlled by the film trade) to all instructional films, since most local authorities will only allow films to be shown which this Board has passed. It is a Board in its essence incompetent to decide what films a university or a school should exhibit to students. At present most instructional films are non-inflammable, and can consequently be shown privately without interference. Commercial exhibitors no doubt resent even this mild competition, but I should be interested to hear what excuse Sir John Gilmour can find for confirming this monopoly. The pretext that non-inflammable films are actually dangerous is supported by no evidence whatsoever. The case against these regulations is well-stated in "*Non-Flam*" *Films*, a pamphlet issued by the National Council for Civil Liberties. I can imagine nothing more farcical than a Board controlled by the industry which gives us *Nell Gwynn* being empowered to prevent scientists seeing a film by Pavlov.

* * *

What a wonderful and unpleasant creature is the bed bug! The Ministry of Health has published a pamphlet on his habits, his surprising capacity for living without a meal for six months, his fertility and his resistance to all but the most drastic methods of fumigation. I learnt more about him from a most disagreeably instructive film shown last week after the opening of a new block of working-class flats (completing "Athlone House") in North St. Pancras. The flats themselves are inviting, and varied for different sizes of family. They contain, amongst other advantages, structural devices for keeping out bugs. (I do not know how far middle-class people realise that bugs are on the increase and moving from the slums to good property. They live on people, not on dirt, as snobs often like to think.) You don't pay extra for being bug-proof in North St. Pancras. On the contrary, if you are lucky enough to get one of these flats you pay a rent which is wonderfully cheap in comparison with usual London rents. That, as I've explained before, is because the St. Pancras Improvement Society raises money at the uncommercial (but faithfully paid) rate of 3 per cent. This is only a ¼ per cent. cheaper than the usual rate for such loans, but it makes all the difference when you are dealing with working-class rents. One per cent. may mean 2*s.* 6*d.* a week on the rent.

* * *

"Alexander the Great believed himself divine, but it is doubtful if he persuaded many of his followers to agree with him. He had no Ministry of Apotheosis and Enlightenment." I am quoting from a correspondent who has recently visited a number of "youth" or "Führer" schools on the Rhineland. In these schools Protestant and Catholic lads of from fourteen to eighteen years of age work together. They come in groups of about fifty at a time and stay for a three-weeks course, so that eight or nine hundred boys pass through each school in the course of the year. They are trained in leadership and worship of Adolf Hitler. Worship seems not too strong a word. A religious service dedicated to Hitler ends the day's work at each school. My correspondent describes the enthusiastic singing of the Hitler Youth hymns and the "lesson" read from Dietrich's "With Hitler to Power." He speaks of the living conviction of the sermon, preached by the "leader" of the school, who described Hitler's heroic sufferings during the war and his divine mission to save Germany from Communism:

> It was impossible to escape the conviction that here was a man who believed in all sincerity that Hitler was divine. Throughout the sermon Protestants and Catholics alike in the audience were able to catch echoes from their own religious services with the name of Adolf Hitler substituted for that of Jesus Christ. The resemblance when the leader spoke in a hushed voice of "Adolf Hitler who hath offered himself up for us in sacrifice night and day," was unmistakable.

The preacher went on to speak of the inspiration that came from a single clasp of Hitler's hand and almost wept in describing his own meeting with Hitler:

> The sermon ended with a series of responses which the boys had obviously learnt by heart. The preacher would ask them what was their duty to Herr Hitler, or National Socialism, or inquire about some incident in the history of National Socialism, and back would come the answer in a gabbled sing-song. . . . The fifty boys sat spell-bound, their faces unlit by a spark of critical intelligence. One wondered how long this mood of hypnosis would last. . . .

I am horrified to see it apparently reliably reported that Zinoviev and Kamenev are not after all merely to be exiled but are to be tried on capital charges. It is impossible to believe that these "Old Guard" Bolsheviks have really been "plotting against the regime"—unless plotting against the regime is now a synonym for disagreeing with Stalin. I have heard a number of explanations suggested—that Stalin has lost his head since Kirov's death, that this is just another example of the way in which the secret police always becomes a separate and all-powerful force in every dictatorship, and that the young Communists have been urging these prosecutions on the ground that the Old Guard has been treated with special favour. But do these repentances and confessions read like sense? Have these men really admitted "political and moral responsibility" for the murder of Kirov?

* * *

From time to time I have given specimens of the jokes that take the place of political criticism in a dictatorship. I have now a number of excellent additions to my collection from Germany, Austria and Russia. The first comes from Munich, where a well-known actor delighted his audience by a joke reflecting on the luxurious habits of Nazi leaders.

> Extraordinary, he used to say, but I saw a Rolls-Royce yesterday, and do you know there was not a Nazi in it?

This joke led to his temporary suspension from the stage. But the authorities were induced to allow him to play again on condition that he apologised. So he came on the stage and said:

> Friends, I have done wrong. I said last time that I had seen a Rolls-Royce and there was NOT a Nazi in it. I want to take that back. There WAS a NAZI in it.

* * *

From Vienna the best jest of this type is that the Austrian Government is said to have issued the following proclamation:

> Whoever assassinates Major Fey will be punished with ten years' imprisonment and a 1,000 schillings fine. For assassinating Prince Starhemberg, the punishment will be fifteen years' imprisonment and a 15,000 schillings fine. And to assassinate the President is absolutely forbidden.

* * *

Finally from Moscow. An army of Russian mice were flying into Poland. "Why are you fleeing from Russia," asked the Polish mice. "The Ogpu," replied the Russian mice, "gave orders yesterday for all the camels' tails to be cut off." "But you are not camels," protested the Polish mice. "True, but can this be explained to the Ogpu?"

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5s. for the contribution at the head of this column goes this week to Mr. G. Gilbert.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

Anxious to hear their grievances the Bishop of London invited 16 unemployed dockers to tea with him at Fulham Palace.

They produced their balance sheets showing that they received only 5*d*. a day and 2*d*. for each child.

"So I produced my balance sheet," said the Bishop at Bournemouth yesterday, "which showed that I received £10,000 and my expenditure was £10,600."—*News-Chronicle*.

My husband did not look any the worse for the punishment he received, although his face was bruised beyond recognition.—Case reported in *Evening News*.

I think it a disgrace that the Western Brothers should be allowed to poke fun at all the best traditions of our great race. Cannot this sort of cheap humour be stopped? After listening-in to the performances of these young men, what possible conception can foreigners have of the true standards of English gentlemen?

Wellington said that "the battle of Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton." What is good enough for the Iron Duke should be good enough for the Western Brothers.—Retired Colonel in *Pearson's Weekly*.

But Messrs. Dent, who have done so many splendid things for worth-while books, are taking the Bible in hand.—*Evening Standard*.

Hollywood has never paid British traditions a finer compliment than in the film shown here to-day for the first time, of Major Yeats-Brown's best seller, *Bengal Lancer*. Of the original story nothing has been kept but the title, and there is not a Yogi or line of mysticism in the whole film.—*Daily Telegraph*.

The choice between the electorate next time will be between the "National" Government, which has done so much to restore prestige abroad and prestige at home, and *the Socialist caucus, which aims at sweeping away our established institutions and maintaining a dictatorship run by machine-guns, revolvers, concentration camps and the suppression of the press and all liberty*.—Capt. Peter MacDonald, M.P., in the *Isle of Wight County Press*.

"Nescio" asks if I believe in Noah's Ark and the story of Jonah and the whale. I answer him "yes" most emphatically; and so do all loyal Christians.—Letter in *Daily Telegraph*.

THE HIGH ROAD TO PEACE AND PROSPERITY

RECENT outbursts of militant nationalism in each of the four continents, in Gran Chaco, Abyssinia, Manchukuo, the Saar and elsewhere, make it quite evident that the foundations of the League of Nations as an edifice of peace are not yet "well and truly laid." There can be no security for peace, disarmament and economic stability until the nation members of the League recognise the necessity of reforming its constitution and ceding to it two important elements of sovereignity. These two cessions are, first, the sole right to determine whether an act of aggression has taken place, and the sole possession and use of the force necessary to deal with it; secondly, the supreme control of the issue and direction of credit. These two demands are closely related. This relation, however, is not clearly seen so long as the politics of internationalism are treated separately from the economics. Though the nationalism and imperialism which break into conflict and bring war are usually not dominated consciously by economic forces, and are always accompanied by a display of sentiments and passions which disclaim economic interests, nevertheless it is these interests, the need for markets and areas of profitable investment, that are the directors of the policies which endanger world-peace. The recently revealed methods of the armament trades are simply the most blatant examples of this economic nationalism. The general international competition for markets is due largely to the failure of an increasing number of advanced industrial nations to balance their increasing powers of production by increases of internal consumption, thus freeing an increasing proportion of their products to seek external markets. So long as this condition continues, reductions of armaments or of tariffs and other economic weapons must remain impossible. For at present there is a vital conflict of interests between nations, which can only be overcome by a genuine political and economic co-operation that shall establish the two pacific conditions of a fair and equal access of members of all nations to the resources of the common world, including credit, and a general policy of distribution which shall enable the consumption of goods and leisure within each country to keep pace with the growing capacity of production.

But in order to have these two conditions accepted it is necessary to get business men to realise that, though higher wage-rates may mean loss or ruin for them if applied to their several businesses or industries alone, their general application will mean an increase of consumption so large as to keep both capital and labour in full employment and prices at a profitable level, while the increase of home demand will reduce that pressure for export markets which breeds economic and political strife.

For forty years I have been trying to put this case for a fairer and more equal distribution as the prime condition of economic and political peace. But so long as our country and a few others could find sufficient outlets for their surplus production in foreign undeveloped lands, the full waste of such a depression as that which we have been suffering and the grave risks of "a war for markets" were not realised. If China and other backward areas had been open to peaceful economic penetration and development, pre-war competitive capitalism might have survived for another generation with such minor fluctuations as seemed "natural" in a changing world, where methods of production and consumption were liable to miscalculation. But in the world as we now find it effective international guarantees of peace and of the monetary and commercial control necessary for the free flow of goods in co-operative world enterprise, are indispensable. The volume, the direction and the price of bank credit are chief determinants of the use, abuse, or disuse of the factors of production. Therefore it is of supreme importance that the control of credit shall be in the hands of those who will direct it for the common good, not for private profit. The oft-claimed assumption that the private profit of bankers normally and necessarily coincides with the common good is seen to be false. The reasonable stability of price-levels is upset by excessive issues of credit at times when industry is in full operation: this credit runs into speculation and high prices, and by sudden contraction aggravates the fall of prices when overproduction is generally recognised and a slump is indicated. Both national and international control and direction of credit are needed for internal security of business and for external guarantees of economic internationalism. The highways of commerce and finance, like the highways of travel, cannot safely be left to the control and the charges of private highwaymen. This public control is an essential condition of free trade and of the serviceable flows of capital and labour into the various industries and territories.

But it is necessary to realise that such freedom of the flow of industrial and financial resources, though providing a serviceable check upon instability of trade and prices, would not in itself secure the world against depressions due to maldistribution of purchasing power which prevent effective demand for consumptive goods from keeping pace with the rising productivity (or falling costs) of industry, transport, mining and agriculture over an increasing area of the world. The free trader who imagines that what he terms free competition, with "equality of opportunity," will solve the whole economic problem is mistaken, unless he is prepared to provide an "equality" which is incompatible with the past and present working of capitalism. Capitalism has not broken down in the sense that it cannot produce the goods, but only in the sense that it cannot find sufficient markets for its larger quantities of goods. Since sufficient markets can no longer be found by way of export trade, they must be found by a better or more equal distribution of real and money incomes in each country. There are three ways by which this can be brought about, and most advanced nations are experimenting in them. One consists in higher wages and longer leisure, another in the increasing costs and provisions of social services, a third in the nationalisation of certain key industries which otherwise tend to become monopolist with profitable but socially injurious limitations of output. The second of these lines of equality is in some ways the most effective, since by the methods of increased taxation of high incomes and inheritances it is a direct path towards equalisation of income.

A good deal can thus be done towards increased consumption within the several national areas. But it will be evident that such a policy is liable to be impeded in its results unless it is pursued at something like the same pace by all countries. It is this consideration that gives so much importance to attempts at Geneva to secure international agreements for shorter hours of labour. Though it is difficult to expect that the governments of the different nations will easily and early realise the full and certain gains of a general co-operation in wage-raising and extension of costly social services, as the best safeguard both against class wars and international strife, every effort should be made to teach this fundamental economic lesson. For until it is learned and applied, all remedies against cyclical depressions and unemployment, all attempts to stop competition in armaments and the risks of war, will be found quite ineffectual. Slight temporary "recoveries" may take place, but there can be no permanent security for peace and prosperity until it is clearly recognised that both problems have taken a new shape and character by reason of the expanding area of high productivity and the need of an agreed international policy for utilising it not in separate national interests but for the common good of mankind. If such demands seem sentimental, and leaders of thought and action set them aside as impracticable, grave perils and bitter suffering await a world which still obstinately refuses to recognise its unity and solidarity of interests. Here is the supreme test of the degree in which man is a rational animal in the ascertainment and achievement of his real interests. J. A. HOBSON

THE GOOD HEAD

THE other day an elderly man was brought before the magistrates in a Berkshire town, accused of having been found lying in a ditch, drunk and incapable. On his pleading guilty, the Chairman, a Colonel, asked him: "Were you in the Army?" "Yes, Sir," replied the man, "I served under you." "Shades of the old school!" cried the Colonel. "I should have thought that you would have been able to carry the weak beer of these days better than this. If you had come before me for this when you were in the regiment, I would have given you fourteen days. Now, pay ten shillings and run away." He then turned to his colleagues on the Bench and observed: "Really, I think I ought to stand him a drink."

It is a pretty and memorable scene, and the Colonel is to be commended for his humanity. At the same time, his address to the old soldier shows that he is still labouring under one of the most ancient of illusions—the illusion that a hero should have a good head for liquor. I do not know whether any historian of the custom of drinking has traced this illusion to its source. What was the first nation that credited the man with an enormous capacity for swallowing strong drink with heroic qualities? Among the Hebrews, the strong men had apparently no better heads than their neighbours. Noah, that mighty seaman, was a weakling when it came to liquor. The first hero I can think of in the ancient world who was also a hero in his cups was Socrates. Even those who care little for his wisdom have always respected him for his ability to drink level with the boldest spirits among the Athenian youth and to go home sober from what was to all the others a Bacchanalian orgy. Psychologists might do worse than inquire into the causes of the inconquerable sobriety of Socrates, for sobriety owes as much to the functioning of the mind as of the body. Did Socrates, as he sat among the sparks, keep before his mind a terrifying picture of Xanthippe awaiting him at home? Fear is a great soberer, and even a philosopher need not have been ashamed of being mortally afraid of Xanthippe. It may well be that, on the occasion of these symposia, Socrates was the only man present who dared not, as the saying is, let himself go. If this theory of the immunity of Socrates from the results of excessive drinking could be established, much good would result. Socrates would cease to be a bad example to the young, who would realise that his sobriety after excess, instead of being a heroic quality, was the result of a weakness of the spirit.

Since his time, undoubtedly, the exaltation of the good head has spread over a large part of Europe and, indeed, is said to have reached the United States of America. England, they say, was for a long time noted for her sobriety, but even she succumbed in the end to the passion for boastful and competitive drinking. According to Isaac D'Israeli, this was one

of the baneful results of foreign wars. He quotes Nash as saying: "Superfluity in drink is a sin that ever since we have mixed with the Low Countries is counted honourable." He even goes so far as to declare that "all the terms of drinking which once abounded with us are, without exception, of a base northern origin." His evidence is, it must be admitted, at times a little shaky on this point, as when he observes: "'Half-seas over,' or nearly drunk, is likely to have been a proverbial phrase from the Dutch, applied to that state of ebriety by an idea familiar with those water-rats." The logic may not be watertight, but at least the sentence shows that, by one excellent antiquary, the notion that a hero was a man who ought to be able to consume an extraordinary amount of liquor was regarded as a peculiarly Nordic one. It is true that the Nordics were not all able to hold their liquor, but he who could hold out longest against the assault of perpetually filled cups was regarded as the greatest hero.

This view has in many quarters held the field ever since. The German student who could drink more beer than any of his fellows has been acclaimed a conqueror, and even the modest Englishman has often been unable to curb an un-English inclination to boastfulness as he has told himself with a vacuous smile that he was the only sober person left at the end of an unusually vigorous evening's drinking. I have often heard men boasting of how much they were able to drink: I have seldom heard any man confessing how little he was able to drink except with an air of apology. I heard a very brilliant man excusing himself from taking a second glass of wine the other day in the humblest possible fashion. "If I drank two glasses of champagne," he declared, as though asking pardon for a weakness, "I should feel my head swimming." Another man present, representing himself as a quite hopeless character, commented: "I should feel that after even one glass." This seems to me to be a wrong way of looking at the matter. There were far better heads in the company belonging to far weaker men, and I felt that the men who could not drink champagne, instead of being apologetic, ought to have asked us to congratulate them on their luck. After all, there are heroes who dislike the taste—or, at least, the effects—of champagne as heartily as Nelson disliked the sea. They have not stomachs for it, and so they are saved from much temptation conducive to ill-health.

Dr. Johnson, wisest of the English, realised this. He was the first of his countrymen to see that there is something to be said for having a weak head as well as for having a strong one. "There is no doubt," he admitted, "that not to drink wine is a great deduction from life; but it may be necessary." He even went on to express the opinion that a free use of wine did not shorten life, and declared that he would not give less for the life of a hard-drinking Scottish lord than for that of a sober man. "'But stay' (said he, with his usual intelligence and accuracy of inquiry), 'does it take much wine to make him drunk?' I answered, 'A great deal either of wine or strong punch.' 'Then,' said he, 'that is the worse.' I presume (comments Boswell) to illustrate my friend's observation thus: 'A fortress which soon surrenders has its walls less shattered than when a long and obstinate resistance is made.'" The importance of not having a strong head has never been better stated.

The idealisation of the strong head, however, has long survived the commentary of Dr. Johnson. In my own youth, it was not uncommon to find young men who were all but insulted if any one with a weaker head refused to drink level with them. It was because of this, I imagine, that the Victorian public-houses equipped themselves so plentifully with aspidistras. How often in those days did one of the weaker brethren preserve his sobriety during the evening by furtively pouring the whiskey he did not want, not down his throat, but into the aspidistra-pot. This was generally considered a mean waste of other people's money, and I never had the courage or the skill—or, perhaps, the desire—to get rid of a superfluous drink in this fashion myself; but how else could the brother with the weak head save himself? And how the aspidistras flourished on it! I have never since been able to believe that the plants are natural teetotallers.

To-day, luckily, the man with a weak head is in little need of such shifts. For one thing the drinking community has come to realise that teetotallers or semi-teetotallers may be almost human. For another, post-war beer and post-war whiskey have been so diluted that even a semi-teetotaller can continue with them for a considerable time without casting agonising glances round in search of an aspidistra. Most important of all, the age of machinery has made it dangerous for a man any longer to boast of the great quantities of liquor he has taken. The motorist, accused of dangerous driving, does not go into court and announce proudly that he is a two-bottle man. Rather, he replies to the magistrate that he is all but a total abstainer, whose head is affected by two glasses of bitter as a result of war-wounds or malaria. Always there is some excuse. The one fact that invariably emerges is that he has not even drunk the normal quantity permissible to a temperate man. It is true that, even as long ago as the days of Mr. Pickwick, the man accused of drinking defended himself as one who had been laid low, not by drink, but by the salmon. In our own day, however, the horror of being accused of drinking a great deal has become almost universal, and no one, except a non-motorist, would admit to it. Hence, I think, the Berkshire magistrate was guilty of an error of judgment in suggesting that heroism and a good head for liquor should go together. It is a peculiarly Nordic idea, and, like most Nordic ideas, unsuited to modern times. One thing is certain: weak heads are now in the ascendant. Fortunately—though the Colonel does not think so—the brewers are able to supply a liquor—perhaps one ought to say a beverage—that is nearly as weak as our heads.

Y. Y.

THE LIMIT

A TRULY "modern" mind was Councillor Dab,
Stiff with disdain for all who found too drab
The labyrinths of brick, cement, and mortar
With which he amended Nature. "Running water!
It's better safe inside a tap, for me.
If brooks can babble, money talks," quoth he.
"Trees! Why they've *got* to die some day, you know—
And you just watch the aspidistras grow!"
To loop a neat by-pass round Wordsworth's grave,
"Open up" Buttermere, or soundly pave
The length of Borrowdale—Dab was the man,
He could perform, what Councils wisely "plan";
One that might feel a great work well complete,
When Watling Street at last *is* Watling *Street*;
Or ape (had he known it) Caesar's rhetoric—
"I found this England grass, and left it brick."
For England's arteries were next his heart,
Both hardened *pari passu*. By his art
Towns spread like beanstalks; with each ribboned road
Suave satisfaction on Dab's features glowed,
As if the ribbon lay upon his breast.
Yet life remains a treacherous trade, at best.
Men tired at last of seeing their children made
By ardent motorists into marmalade;
And now when Councillor Dab drives up to town,
For league on league on league they see him frown,
As his Rolls crawls some thirty miles an hour,
That late flew sixty in its pride of power.
Like Pharaoh's, now, his wheels drive heavily;
He and his tribe have brought these things to be,
Brought them on their own heads—O irony!
His progresses all turned to punishments,
The incredible has happened—Dab repents!
His own walls prison him; his spirit yields;
Ice on his head, Dab babbles of green fields.

F. L. LUCAS

Correspondence

THE SPANISH RISING

SIR,—During the period when the issue of the recent Spanish revolt was still uncertain, only the reactionary clerical and monarchist newspapers were allowed to appear. Owing to the exceptional character of their contents, they seemed to me desirable as souvenirs, and, as I was in Madrid and the provinces at the time, I carefully collected every number as it came out. As an Englishman, I am naturally fairly acclimatised to journalistic excess, but must admit being impressed with the sheer hypocritical virtuosity of such publications as *A.B.C.*, *El Siglo Futuro*, *El Debate*, and *Informaciones*.

Take, for example, three issues of the egregious *A.B.C.* for October 16th, 17th and 19th last. In these numbers, the *A.B.C.* depicted legendary horrors which had been perpetrated by the revolutionaries of Asturias. Children had been strangled; many women, including a whole convent full of nuns of the Colegio de las Adoratrices, had been raped; one priest had been crucified, another burnt alive, while a third had been displayed minus bowels on a meat hook in a butcher's shop, bearing round his neck the inscription: "Pork sold here." This was capped with a really remarkable and authentic sounding piece of news. Twenty children, the orphans of civil guards, had just arrived in Madrid. They were blind, having had their eyes gouged out by the ferocious revolutionaries. The *A.B.C.* screamed for manifestations of "sacred indignation." This was to take the form of wholesale execution, "We must have shootings and garrottings. As many as are necessary. Every reprieve will mean ten or a hundred executions in the near future." (*A.B.C.*, October 16th.)

Besides these comparatively restrained and conservative reports, consonant in fact with the dignity of the leading monarchist paper, were the less reticent bellowings of the smaller journalistic fry. In the village of Sama, the anthropophagous Reds had devoured their priest—"roasted with onions," said the report with a nice regard for culinary detail. In Ciaño, bloodthirsty Communists had stuffed a civil guard's three-cornered hat into his wife's stomach, from which the intestines had previously been removed.

One of the many ridiculous incidental results of the press campaign was to start a national subscription for the non-existing blind children of the civil guards, and a month after the trouble was over I was amused to notice that the Government had been laughed into issuing orders to erase the word "blind" from the appeals which had been plastered about on the walls and shop windows all over Spain.

The campaign of lies, however, had at the time of its launching the maximum reprisal-provoking effect. The most liberal Spanish bourgeois collapsed intellectually before the assault, and was ready to quiver with hatred at the mere mention of the word Socialist. Soldiers going into battle at Oviedo were previously told that their opponents were not human beings, but bloody savages who had blinded children, disembowelled women, etc., etc., and the desiderated massacres took place. The soldiers, having entered the town behind a living barricade of men, women and children, even forced their way into a hospital and bayonetted wounded miners in their beds. Workers suspected of being revolutionaries were dragged from their houses, tied up and slaughtered in groups of twenty or thirty. I obtained my information from soldiers and policemen as well as later from Spanish revolutionaries who had taken refuge in France. A friend of mine, a 25-year-old corporal of the mounted Fuerza de Seguridad (Assault Guards) told me: "I don't like to shoot. When we get the order, I have to visualise the kind of thing those fellows do before pulling the trigger. Anyway," he added, "why talk about Oviedo? We shot them down like rabbits in Tetuan." (A working-class suburb of Madrid.)

As a result of the repression, a very large percentage of the total male population of the Asturian mining area is missing. In numerous villages such as Velilla de Guardo only a few women are left. A movement to "save the children" has been busily engaged since November in tearing from their mothers or grandmothers such children as have survived and handing them over to the care of nuns who will supervise the evolution of these incipient Marxists into "useful and right-thinking citizens." Society beauties are dabbling in rescue work. It is fashionable at the moment to be photographed in the uniform of a hospital sister, ministering to one of those interesting creatures, the children of dead revolutionaries.

I have no objection to the Spanish bourgeoisie protecting their property with coloured soldiers who may be expected to employ homely methods on their enemies; no doubt the French would employ Senegalese and the English Ghurkas in a similar situation. But I do not see why they should be permitted to save their national face by strenuously denying the obvious fact that Spaniards have been murdered wholesale by Moors. If no excesses were perpetrated by the military, it would be interesting to know why the Government should forbid journalists to visit Asturias until several days after the military pacification was complete, "to avoid indiscretions which might hamper the free action of the troops." Even when permission to visit Asturias was accorded, all reports had to be "inspired in a patriotic spirit."

Regarding the legendary atrocities attributed to the revolutionaries by the clerical and monarchist press, these have been officially discredited as long ago as the beginning of November, and I am surprised that your correspondent should consider the readers of this paper so ill-informed as to make reference to them at this date. They were denied, among others, by General López Ochoa and were denounced at considerable length in the semi-official publication, *Revolución en Asturias*. This is to say nothing of the evidence of Sanchez Ocano and Luís G. de Lináres, the editors respectively of the popular weeklies, *Estampa* and *Crónica*, and numerous other accredited eye-witnesses whose names I can quote, if necessary. Señor Pedregal, Minister of Finances at the time of the monarchy, was even unwise enough to express publicly his disgust at having been rescued from the revolutionaries who had treated him kindly by the murderous Government troops. His frankness has cost him considerable persecution.

As for the nuns of the Convent de las Adoratrices, I can vouch for it that their virtue was intact at the time when the editor of *Crónica* interviewed the Mother Superior, but, owing to the fact that since then the State's Moorish troops used the dormitory windows of the convent to snipe at the scattered remnants of the revolutionary forces, I am afraid I would no longer care to express any opinion on this point.

NORMAN LEWIS

4 Gordon Street, W.C.1.

HOUSING FINANCE

SIR,—Mr. Arthur Lyon's letter in your issue of January 12th asks for information about the method of financing housing without interest charges on the money or credit involved. On that I can say something that may perhaps be useful to him and to your readers.

This proposal is really a return to an older mode. It appears indeed to have been, in earlier days, the usual practice of the Guild Banks to provide credit to their members for constructive work, and even if it had been legal, it probably never occurred to the Guild authorities to charge interest; the question would not have arisen.

The specific method referred to by Mr. Lyon was employed in Guernsey in the last century to build their markets, and I think their harbour, and so far as is known was entirely successful.

The same method appears to have been employed by the Ministry of Munitions to build the housing colonies connected with munition factories. I was in France when this was done, but having later to compute rents for that department, in which I was working after my return, I was instructed not to allow for interest on the capital involved, as I was given to understand it did not arise.

Directly after the war, Mr. Victor Branford, the sociologist and finance authority, in his essay on Social Credit (the phrase "Social Credit" had not at that time obtained the special meaning imposed upon it later by the Douglas group), gave an outline scheme for rural housing based on what has come to be called in some circles "The Normal Use of Money" on the lines now under consideration. He was at that time in the financial world of the City of London, and he assured me that bankers were prepared to make the necessary financial arrangements at a charge of 2*s*. 6*d*. per £100 without charging interest. Interest obviously did not arise if the money was issued for that special purpose by the Treasury, which at that time controlled the issue of money. These schemes, which had, I was told, the unofficial support of officials of the Housing Department of Government, were considered by a Committee of the Le Play House group of sociologists (with which I was then connected) and approved. However, though my friend Mr. John Wheatley was keen on the idea, we failed to get it adopted. It has been explained in various works prepared by sociologists, and has also, I understand, been tried in other countries, with general success.

The idea that this procedure would have some effect on prices was exhaustively considered by the Committee referred to above. I cannot myself see why the fact that money was issued without interest should have a different effect on prices than the issue of the same money with interest. The late Lord Milner, with whom I discussed the matter, assured me that it could not have any special effect on prices, and Major Douglas, a less orthodox finance authority, took the same line. Moreover, even if it were feared that such issue would have such effect, the danger could be guarded against.

I have never myself doubted that this line of finance policy, coupled with certain secondary proposals, provided a sound method of solving the problem of building houses at rents which working people can afford to pay, and I know that other sociologists have taken the same view.

The Severals, MONTAGUE FORDHAM, F.R.Econ.S.
Seer Green, Near Beaconsfield.

SIR,—I am deeply interested in the letter you publish from the chairman of the Deeside Labour Group, and the news that a County Council is at last to be invited by the local Socialists to make a real effort to release housing from the toils of usury in which practically every considerable effort has hitherto been strangled. Some few years ago I was permitted to propound such a scheme in your columns as the one now outlined by Mr. Lyon, with a similar request for criticism; and in the intervening period I have missed no opportunity of putting it before economists with a similar purpose. *I have nowhere found any reasoned objection to it;* but apparently interest or prejudice stands in the way of its adoption.

Inflation is the creation of purchasing power in excess of production—some economists would say in excess of productive capacity; but that phrase introduces a speculative element. The proposal now under discussion, however, definitely relates the issue of purchasing power to actual production of new values, and cannot involve inflation even if inflation is always to be condemned.

At last year's Labour Party Conference I proposed, on behalf of my Union, an amendment to the Housing Policy Report of the Executive, to secure the embodiment of this method as an alternative to that of borrowing to finance a national housing scheme. The Executive of the party was unwilling to accept the amendment, and put up Dr. Hugh Dalton to oppose it, which he did on the ground that they "could guarantee to provide the houses but could not guarantee to abolish interest." The debate was conducted under the disadvantages of a time limit, and the Conference took refuge in "reversion to the previous question," thus leaving the principle undecided. My view, taking into consideration the vast programme of expenditure to which we shall be concurrently committed when we take the matter in hand, is that within the limits of interest-bearing loans the necessary provision cannot be made. FRED HUGHES

National Union of Clerks and Administrative Workers,
17-20 Holborn Hall, Gray's Inn Road, W.C.1.

THE LOGIC OF PACIFISM

SIR,—Mr. Greenaway is quite right. The consistent pacifist mustn't pay income tax or aid a wounded soldier in war—even if he is bleeding to death.

But obviously, he must go farther. Of course he must eat or drink nothing which has come to this country protected by the fleet—no tea or coffee, and it would probably be safer for him to eat no bread. And just as it would be impossible for him to go in a car or bus run on imported oil, it would be wisest if he refrained from eating any food during the duration of the war.

Arts Club, S. M. Fox
40 Dover Street, W.1.

SIR,—Mr. Greenaway has done a useful service by drawing attention to the above subject. The fact that our pacifists pay their taxes without demur, notwithstanding that three-quarters of the money surrendered goes towards the expenses of past and future wars, is indicative of their habit of refusing to face facts.

It is obvious that a concerted campaign upon their part, stressing their inability to pay such taxes for reasons of conscience, would have far more effect and receive far greater publicity than any obstructive tactics or, for that matter, any possible activities, once war has been declared. It is a pity that Dr. Sheppard did not make his position *vis-à-vis* the collective system plain before he started his campaign. Failure to have done so must have lost him the assistance of all those who support the Covenant of the League of Nations. Perhaps it is not too late for him to make some definite pronouncement upon this point.

St. Mary's Grange, PHILIP S. MUMFORD
Easthorpe, Kelveden, Essex.

ABORTION

SIR,—A quotation from Dr. Roberts's article last week might prove misleading to the lay public unless further explained. From *Sex Ethics* by four distinguished surgeons, two quotations are chosen on the subject of the induction of abortion, one of which suggests that the operation is "one of the most dangerous in surgery." This remark is not meant to be applied to early curretage (under twelve weeks) which is, of course, usually the method of choice, and the method usually spoken of as "medical abortion." Referring to this, the authors suggest a mortality rate of 1 per cent. to 1.5 per cent., but these figures are drawn from cases of therapeutic abortion in this country, when the woman is already ill. Applied to healthy women in good condition, they must be incomparably lower; the *Eugenics Review*, May, 1933, gives the mortality rate in Moscow as 1 in 19,000.

The matter is of importance, inasmuch as a statement from such eminent sources must influence lay opinion. At present there is a widefelt belief that the legal ground for terminating pregnancy should, on occasion, be widened. Few people can hold it right that a woman is compelled to bear a child conceived by rape or incest, and there are many who believe that factors such as severe hereditary defect, extreme poverty and overcrowding, as well as emotional distress, should under some circumstances be taken into consideration.

This body of progressive opinion will shortly be given a channel through which to express itself. A society is to be formed to consider and press for amendments in the law of abortion. Hence it is important that the public should be able, as far as possible, to form an unbiased opinion as to the risks of the remedy compared with the evils which it seeks to alleviate.

London. JOAN MALLESON, M.B., B.S.

ENTERTAINMENT FOR CHILDREN

SIR,—Mr. William Farr states in your last issue under the above heading that ". . . no attempt is being made to provide regular, good concerts for children."

During this season I have held something like fifty concerts in twenty-one different centres in the country, the programmes being of the classical symphony type, and the orchestras being the London Philharmonic Orchestra, the Hallé Orchestra, the Leeds Symphony Orchestra, etc., and the conductors Dr. Malcolm Sargent and other well-known musicians.

Some people consider this quite a good "attempt," but apparently Mr. Farr is not satisfied or has not heard about the concerts, although the press, including yourself, are good enough to refer to them regularly. R. MAYER

Robert Mayer Concerts for Children,
3 St. Helen's Place, London, E.C.3.

SIR,—It is to be hoped that Mr. William Farr's admirable letter in your last issue will stimulate interest in a much neglected aspect of work with children. Much attention has been given to the provision of playgrounds and requirements for physical recreation, but in passive recreation the poorer child is at present left almost entirely at the mercy of the commercial cinema. However excellent the arrangements made for children's reading in public libraries, they are too often frustrated by what is at the very least unsuitable cinema. Instead of working in virgin soil, children's librarians have to expend much of their energy in straightening out an already corrupted taste.

One does not say that all films are bad; far from it. Such films as *Lorna Doone*, *The Count of Monte Cristo*, and the awaited *David Copperfield*, create a demand for reading in the children's libraries by children who would not otherwise be likely to read these books. But this is only a proof of Mr. Farr's contention; that plays and films have an enormous power of stimulus or corruption in the child mind. To the child, reality lies in visual presentation, and though I am a librarian, I have no doubt that as a primary cultural stimulus, films and plays are more important than books. Most libraries, of course, extend their work with children by giving story hours, lectures, short plays, and film programmes. The St. Marylebone Public Library, for instance,

has regular programmes of films, and the Willesden system of libraries has a programme of talks, lectures, and plays for children. But work of this sort is limited, partly through lack of funds, and partly by the fact that libraries must naturally keep the promotion of book reading as their first object.

Support for Mr. Farr's projects would, however, be forthcoming, I am sure, from most librarians in the country, and the support of teachers would go without saying. As he points out, the chief difficulty is finance. Such a children's theatre as he proposes would cost money to start and develop. If there are no philanthropists available, it seems that we shall have to wait until some progressive local authority takes up the matter. That would be the ideal form of subsidy, and it may not be so far away as would appear at first glance. FRANK M. GARDNER

Branch Librarian,
Kensal Rise Public Library.

VOLUNTARY STERILISATION

SIR,—It is curious that the view that voluntary sterilisation is illegal in this country is being spread principally by people who, like your correspondent Dr. H. W. S. Wright, are in favour of sterilisation as a method of birth control, and not by the opponents of it.

It is important to point out that this view is by no means universally accepted. It appears to have originated from an utterance by the late Lord Riddell, who, at a discussion on sterilisation some few years ago, very tentatively suggested that, if a test case should come up for a decision, voluntary sterilisation might possibly be considered to come under the heading of *Mayhem*, which is a crime in the English law. He was careful to state that this was merely his personal view, and that he was by no means confident that such a decision would be arrived at.

Probably on account of Lord Riddell's eminence, his words seem to have made a deep impression on certain persons, and groups of persons, particularly the Eugenics Society, who, while striving to retain a completely objective attitude, have emphasised the possibility of operations for sterilisation being illegal.

It is, of course, conceivable that a test case might arise, and that such a decision might be arrived at by the Court. But in view of the facts that (1) the operation if carried out by a competent surgeon, is harmless; (2) if carried out in the male with Steinach's technique, it often produces an actual improvement in physical and/or mental health; and (3) is, in principle, one form of contraception—and contraception itself is not illegal—it seems very improbable that such a decision would be arrived at.

It is no longer permissible to make the unqualified statement that operative sterilisation is irrevocable, for Professor Schmerz of Graz has stated on oath that he has restored fertility to a number of male patients whom he had previously sterilised by vasectomy; and, in the female, if sterilisation be carried out by the best method i.e., burial of the ovarian ends of the tubes in the anterior abdominal wall, a later operation could be performed, if necessary, to restore the tubes to their original position; and in many cases, if not in all, fertility could thus be restored.

A considerable number of cases are known to me in which sterilisation operations have been performed by reputable surgeons in this country during the last twelve or fourteen years. One case was given front-page prominence in one of the sensational daily papers a year or so ago. A prominent Harley Street specialist (no, Sir, it was *not* myself) recently had himself sterilised for eugenic reasons, and I know of at least one mental specialist who has on several occasions advised sterilisation either in women who have suffered from repeated attacks of insanity, or sometimes (since the operation in the male is so much easier) in the husbands of such women. It is unfortunately true that while private patients, if they have reasonable grounds for the operation, find little difficulty in obtaining voluntary sterilisation, poor persons are faced with many obstacles. Even if a poor man or woman can find a surgeon who is willing to perform the operation free of charge, the incidental costs, such as anaesthetic fee, nursing home fee, etc., often form an insuperable difficulty.

Hospitals supported by voluntary contributions are afraid to admit patients for sterilisation, just as they are afraid to include birth-control instruction in their out-patient service—they fear that they might lose the support of the Roman Catholics or other persons who are opposed to prevention of conception. This is a very reasonable fear, and I do not blame them for their action.

The difficulties in the way of making voluntary sterilisation available for all suitable cases are quite sufficient as it is—do not let us increase them by spreading the view that the operation is illegal. This view is, I believe, a mistaken one; at any rate it is highly questionable. NORMAN HAIRE

127 Harley Street, W.1.

DECORATIVE ART

SIR,—I have been delighted beyond words at Mr. Mortimer's sparkling criticism of the Royal Academy Exhibition in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

His references to our revolving bed are most flattering, and I was particularly amused at his reference to the clientele for whom these beds are designed in the last paragraph of the article, in which he relegates these beds to an "unfortunate" class. There are, however, many thousands of these people in London, and after all they must sleep somewhere!

But what about old ladies who have a mania for sleeping with their head due North? Quite apart from this, however, it does give one a certain freedom of position to be able to turn one's bed one way in summer and another in winter, and quite a number of people fancy a special position on Wet Wednesdays.

Betty Joel, Ltd., DAVID JOEL
25 Knightsbridge, S.W.1.

SIR,—If I read Mr. Raymond Mortimer's article correctly, he blames the British manufacturer for what seems to be an Exhibition of artistic snobbery. Apparently since it is held at Burlington House the show had to be artistic at all costs, and "artists and persons of educated taste" have been enlisted to show the manufacturer "how." After all, a great deal of this so-called educated taste is arbitrary—passing modishness, imported from abroad—it is from Industry itself that real design is evolved.

If the manufacturers are to be regarded as of a different class, the whole purpose of this Exhibition is defeated. All these pompous backgrounds, far from flattering the goods which they purport to display, are in the nature of an insult. Good design requires no such aids. What a fine exhibit a Rolls-Royce or, say, a Baby Austin would have been, and how difficult for the decorators to decorate.

This is not to condemn the show as a whole. The idea is most excellent, but it is a pity that such a much-needed movement should be hampered by having so much art applied to it.

Crittall Manufacturing Co., Ltd., W. F. CRITTALL
210 High Holborn, W.C.1.

NURSERY SCHOOLS

SIR,—Mr. Dyer's comments on the annual report of the Newcastle-on-Tyne Dispensary have brought to light the greatest weakness in our physical care of the child—namely, the omission of the pre-school child from medical inspection and feeding (such as milk provided for the children of school age)—but have failed to suggest one of the most valuable methods of combating this malnutrition, namely, nursery schools for children from two to five years of age. Here frequent medical inspection, three meals a day and an open-air life would prevent rickets, infectious disease, and especially such complications as pneumonia due to poor physique, and tuberculosis.

There is surely no more obviously economic a step for local authorities than one which prevents malnutrition in the age group which, as shown in the report, has the very highest rate, and I hope that all the readers of your paper will press their own local authorities to build nursery schools in the areas where poverty, overcrowding and malnutrition are worst. Milk schemes may help the school child, but surely some humanitarians should do something for these neglected children of two to five years of age.

35 Ormonde Gate, NATALIE R. DAVIES
Chelsea, S.W.3. (Mrs. Ernest Davies)

THE CORONER'S COURT

SIR,—The Weymouth inquest has effectively illustrated the faults of a coroner's inquest, and the deplorable elasticity of procedure which can convert an inquest into a trial.

But what made the Weymouth inquest particularly regrettable was the fact that it possessed the faults of both inquest and trial. It did not even have the fairness of a trial, and for the coroner to deny that the inquest was a trial, after the solicitor for the police (and not, it may be pointed out, counsel for the Crown) had been insinuating that Mrs. Jackson had murdered Mr. Allen, was paradoxical. Furthermore, one of the functions of a judge is

to rebuke and check a counsel if he makes rash statements. It was left for Mr. Jackson himself to protest against the statement of the police solicitor that Mr. Allen had paid Mr. Jackson's fare home from India. When a solicitor at an inquest is permitted to indulge in orations about the demeanour of a witness in the witness box, it is clear that reform is needed of a system which is obviously inadequate under exceptional circumstances.

Westminster Hotel, Chester. H. W. F. R. RICKETTS

SALADS AND THE BLUECOAT SCHOOL

SIR,—The eating of green vegetables at Christ's Hospital must have been very inadequate for many generations. From the time of Queen Elizabeth there was a constant recurrence of scurvy, which continued for well-nigh two hundred years. Happily Dr. Richard Budd, a London physician who graduated at Jesus College, Cambridge, in 1770, held, among other appointments, that of physician to the Bluecoat School.

Although the potato had been commonly known during these two centuries, it was not till Dr. Budd used his influence to make potatoes part of the diet of the boys that straightway scurvy disappeared. Nowadays a doctor may be in busy practice in the East End of London for many years and never meet a case of true adult scurvy. The universal use of the potato is largely responsible for this immunity.

Happily boys who hate greens love potatoes, especially when baked in their jackets as they should be. As is well known the antiscorbutic factors lie especially in the layers close to the skin. A word of warning. It is wise to refrain from carrying enthusiasm too far, and eating the potato, skin and all. I have known many who have been brought low through thus flaunting their digestive powers unduly.

There is another pretty story, and true, about Dr. Budd, but it has no relation to salads and must wait till Y.Y. in his amiable excursions gives me the opportunity to tell it.

The Gables, Chichester Road, Dorking. J. LAWSON DICK

Miscellany

THE AUDIENCE LAUGHED

A HUNDRED thousand people had already visited the Kingsway Theatre before the night when I went to see *Young England*. This melodrama, as you may know from reading the newspapers, has been literally a howling success; it was put on seriously by its author, who has a message to deliver, and the audience retorted with laughter. What happened on the first night I have not been able to discover, but I doubt if the critics were as amused as other people have been since; they see too many bad plays that are whisked off before the end of the week. Mr. Walter Reynolds, the author of *Young England*, stuck to his guns. He kept the play on. People might laugh, but they went to his performances; and very soon he found himself in the position of being delighted with his success and at the same time horrified by it.

For he was determined not to budge an inch in seriousness; and that is exactly what was needed to make his play run. If he had given the actors rope, they would have turned his melodrama into a farce, which would have fizzled out after a few weeks. Instead, he called for extra rehearsals; sooner or later, he felt sure, the play would make its effect.

"There is a drama somewhere in every edition of our newspapers," he writes in the programme, "and I at once confess that I have unblushingly cut out from them practically all the bits and pieces that were suitable for my story. . . . In my drama, *Young England*, I am hoping that I shall restore to the living theatre what the living theatre has so long failed to provide, viz., a real palpitating human drama as full of tears, love, laughter and adventure, as the proverbial egg is full of meat. In addition to hoping that I may have realised this object—'a consummation most devoutly to be desired'—I have *most respectfully* woven into my play, as an extra pleasurable feature, some threads of the material of the most beneficent movements that have ever been instituted in the history of mankind, viz., the creation of the picturesque and practical *Boy Scouts and Girl Guides movement* by the indomitable defender of *Mafeking*." So he gives us the story of a sneaking pacifist, who emerges as a Mayor and bogus company-promoter, and hopes, by supporting the Boy Scouts and Girl Guides, to make his way into Parliament; and this is expanded into a variety of scenes which jumble melodrama, gymkhana and sing-song. It is another *Cavalcade*; we are astonished by air raids, Boy Scouts' camps, church parades and an illuminated Land of Hope and Glory finish.

The audience provides its own comment, surging at times to an uproar. Those who have gone night after night anticipate the actors, directing their movements, worrying their lines. A body of traditional and expert jokes has sprung up in the stalls which overwhelms the occasional knockabout on the stage. But, apart from this, *Young England* achieves the effect of a contemporary *Ten Nights in a Bar-room* with irresistible certainty. The situations are amusing, but even more amusing is the jog-trot of the action, when a boy scout, for example, rides in on a bicycle, or a lieutenant of the girl guides halts her troop with the remark: "Fresh water must be our first consideration!" The spectacle is enhanced by the presence, in an upper box, of the author, the Scoutmaster himself, who from time to time peeps venerably round a curtain and barks at this ill-mannered audience; when he looks down, the commissionaires scurry about the stalls warning offenders. There are a few who share the author's feeling: schoolgirls and thin clerks with spectacles, an upholstered matron who complains after the first act that she cannot hear what is being said on the stage. But one has to look hard to find them. The extraordinary thing is that the large audiences at the Kingsway are composed of quite ordinary people who have seized this chance of crowding to a play for the fun of laughing at it: an omen surely, a revolution undreamt of by Marinetti.

G. W. STONIER

"A FISHY AFFAIRE"

By ANTON CHEHOV

This story of Chehov, though written in his very early manner, was not printed in *Oskolki* (the comic paper in which so many of his early stories were issued) till 1892. He had by then ceased for five years to be a contributor to *Oskolki*, was already the author of *Ivanov*, *The Wood Demon*, *The Steppe*, etc., and had taken his journey to Sachalin.

Perhaps it was an old story he had found in his drawer, perhaps he wrote it to please Leykin, the Editor, who had asked him for something in his old manner. He sent it with two other stories all signed by one of his familiar pseudonyms, "The man without spleen."

ODD as you may think it, the solitary carp that lived in the pond near General Pantalikin's villa fell head over heels in love with Sonia Mamochkina, who was there for the holidays. But anyway what is there odd about it? Did not Lermontov's Demon fall in love with Tamara, and the swan with Leda, and do not clerks quite frequently fall in love with the manager's daughter? Every morning Sonia Mamochkina came out and bathed with her aunt. The infatuated carp used to swim right up to the bank and stare at them. Owing to the proximity of Messrs. Krendel and Son's Iron Foundry, the water in the pond had been permanently discoloured, but all the same the carp was able to see everything. He saw how white clouds and birds swept across the azure sky, how the lady visitors undressed and how young persons peeped at them from behind bushes along the bank. He saw how the portly aunt used to sit on a stone for five minutes before venturing into the water and, patting herself complacently, used to say: "What an elephant I've become! I'm a perfect sight!" Throwing off her light clothes, Sonia plunged with a squeal

into the water, swam about and squirmed with the cold, while the carp devotedly swam after her and greedily kissed her little legs, her shoulders and her neck.

When they had bathed the visitors went off home and had tea and fancy bread, but the carp swam about all alone in the huge pond and reflected.

"Of course I know I haven't an earthly . . .! How could a fascinating creature like her fall in love with—a carp! It's simply out of the question. Do not deceive yourself with false hopes, miserable fish. For you, there can be only one way out, and that is death. But how can one die? There are no revolvers or match-heads in the pond. For us carp only one death is possible, and that is being eaten by a pike—but where is one to get hold of a pike? There was one pike here in the pond some time ago, but it died of boredom. How dreadful it all is!"

And reflecting on death the young pessimist plunged into the mud and wrote up his diary.

One day in the late afternoon Sonia and her aunt sat down on the bank and began to fish. The carp swam close up to the floats and kept his eyes fixed on the beloved face. Suddenly like lightning an idea flashed into his mind.

"I will die at her hands," he thought, and he gave a merry frisk with his fins. "Oh! That will be an exquisite, a sweet death!"

And steeling his heart and turning slightly pale, he swam up to Sonia's hook and swallowed it.

"Sonia, you've a bite!" shrieked her aunt. "Gracious pet! you've a bite."

"Oh! Oh!"

Sonia leapt up and tugged as hard as she could. Something golden flashed in the air and flopped into the water, leaving rings behind it.

"It's got away!" wailed both the ladies, turning pale. "It's got away! Oh dear, Oh dear!"

They looked at the hook and saw a fish's lip on it.

"Goodness gracious!" said the aunt, "You oughtn't to have pulled so hard. Now the poor little fish has lost his lip."

When he had torn himself from the hook, our hero was absolutely stunned and for a long time could not realise what was the matter with him; then coming to himself he groaned: "Once more alive! Once more! Ah, the irony of fate!" Then noticing that he had no lower jaw the carp blanched, gave a wild shriek of laughter and went out of his mind.

I am afraid it may seem odd of me to wish to occupy the attention of a serious reader with the fate of an insignificant and uninteresting creature like a carp. But what is there odd about it, after all? Do not lots of ladies write in fat periodicals about gudgeons and snails—and what use are they to anyone . . .? Well, I'm just imitating the ladies. Perhaps I'm a lady myself, just concealing my identity with a masculine pseudonym.

So the carp went off his head. The poor creature is living to this day, though carp nowadays make nothing of dying. Sonia married the proprietor of a drug-stores and the aunt went to live at Lepetsk with her married sister. There is nothing odd about this, for the married sister has six daughters and they are all very fond of their aunt.

But that is not all. Engineer Krisin has been appointed Director of Krendel and Son's Iron Foundry. He has a nephew John, who, as everyone knows, writes poems, and has a passion for printing them in newspapers and magazines. One sweltering noon the young poet passed by the pond and took it into his head to have a bathe. He undressed and slipped into the water. The demented carp took him for Sonia Mamochkina, swam up to him and gently kissed his spine. This kiss had the most disastrous results. The carp infected the poet with pessimism. Suspecting nothing the poet climbed out of the water, and with a hollow laugh went home. In a few days he left for St. Petersburg; and there, during his visits to editorial offices, he infected all the poets with pessimism, and from that day to this our poets have been writing gloomy melancholy verses. (Translated by HUBERT BUTLER)

CLEOPATRA IN MOSCOW

(The Kamerny Theatre in Moscow, twenty years old this month, has always been the main interpreter of foreign plays to Russia, and has produced in that time a long succession of plays by Shakespeare, Shaw, Wilde, Synge, Molière, Racine, Rostand, O'Neill and other Western dramatists. It is celebrating its birthday with an ambitious composite production of Shakespeare's "Antony and Cleopatra," Shaw's "Caesar and Cleopatra," with a dash of Pushkin's "Egyptian Nights." R. Rubinstein, the writer of this article, is literary director of the Kamerny and A. Tairov its Manager and Producer.)

IN 1914 the Kamerny Theatre was founded by Tairov, on a communal system, though it was still long before Communism—Tairov as Director, Alice Koonen (his wife and leading actress) and the waiter in the bar, all taking the same salary of 50 roubles a month. . . . In Tsarist times the theatre, with its production of *The Playboy of the Western World*, was thought very revolutionary, and was frowned on. Since the change of Government it has enjoyed the highest prosperity.

A long time ago Tairov conceived the idea of the new play, *Egyptian Nights*, and has given to it two years of study and rehearsal. Three of the world's greatest writers—Shakespeare, Pushkin and Shaw; two of the greatest countries of antiquity—Rome, permeated with acquisitive colonial tendencies; Egypt, declining but not yet resigned; the historic figures of Cleopatra, Antony, Octavius Caesar, Julius Caesar—peoples of different nationalities and positions, all go to make up this great classic epic, to embody and present which there has been created a vast stage canvas.

Tairov holds that the main and essential problem in the production of a classic work in any later period lies in giving a true analysis of its elements—revealing in the work those of its emotional centres which directly affect a modern audience, and clearly defining other centres which no longer produce emotional effect, and which must be used for producing effect by contrast. There is also the problem of separating all that contributes to the endurance of a classic and concentrating on it, and cutting out those elements which, for various temporary and local reasons, were very apt in their time, but now lie on the work like a dead weight. A good gardener cuts off the dead branches of a tree not only without injuring it, but giving it new life and vitality.

Important in this production was the finding of the key to the character of Cleopatra. The conception is of Cleopatra not only as a woman and a lover, but as the Queen of Egypt fighting for her realm's independence. This feature has usually fallen out of the field of vision of Shakespeare's commentators and performers. Antony is not only a lover, but a means to use in her struggle for independence. In the light of this conflict, her disloyalty is comprehensible, her treachery is justified and her suicide is made logical. The features of Cleopatra, the Queen, incidentally, are shown more clearly by Shaw than by Shakespeare. Antony is a hedonist with a great desire for life, generosity, a passionate wish to drain each given moment, immense vanity, colossal egotism, contempt for the surrounding world. The contrast is with Julius and Octavius Caesar, who saw the essence of life's pleasure in the concentration of power, on the joining of countries, the formation of the new Roman Empire.

Pushkin's poem has been included for the reason that a lapse of seven years takes place between the end of Shaw's play and the beginning of Shakespeare's, and it so happens that the period described by Pushkin fills in this gap. It gives a brilliant description of Cleopatra and reflects the atmosphere of her court in Alexandria with great force.

Much cutting has had to be done, to get the text of the two plays down to within actable limits, and yet not to bleed white one or other of the two playwrights. In Shakespeare's case this has been done by eliminating repetitive scenes and those passages that he put in to please the taste of his particular public, the clowning, which has lost much of its wit, the rhetorical tirades, and so forth. It is possible that the finished result may make many people surprised that it has never

occurred to anyone before to use Shaw's play as an original and dramatic overture to Shakepeare's *Antony and Cleopatra*.

Serge Prokofiev has written the music; and the Cleopatra is the greatest Soviet actress, Alice Koonen, who has already played Phèdre, Juliet and Adrienne Lecouvreur at the Kamerny Theatre.

R. RUBINSTEIN

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"The Duchess of Malfi"

Elizabethan stock is looking up. First *'Tis Pity* at the Arts Theatre Club and now *The Duchess of Malfi* at the Embassy—a very much better play, far more satisfyingly presented. This is a vivid adventure at Hampstead, not to be missed by anybody who has realised Webster's lurid genius only from the Mermaid edition hitherto. But the question remains, can modern players, who must, for their stomachs' sake, specialise in the anaemics of our present tradition, hope to compass the full-blooded fury of Webster, or even Ford? This charnel-house atmosphere to a modern audience is all too dangerously quaint, and when the number of bodies on the stage exceeds two, the titters begin, titters which not even Webster's packed bitterness can silence. Blame the audience or blame the players, the result is the same—a slackening of the dramatic tension which assuredly is there, a sensation of good-humoured curiosity rather than the emotional exaltation which is so fine a poet's due. Mr. John Fernald has seen the difficulty, and hedged. The dead-hand scene is produced in a pleasant amber light and the pallor of human flesh is hidden by a glove. No danger of laughter here, but no chance of the shiver which Webster intends. The gibbering of the madmen at the hapless Duchess resolves itself—quite rightly perhaps—into a stylised masque of rhythmic movement, which is extremely interesting but no more. One is tempted at moments to cry out for no more Elizabethan plays outside the study, but there are generous compensations after all. In John Laurie's hands the epileptic frenzy of Ferdinand becomes genuinely terrible and his ranting has a ghastly perverse sincerity. Miss Joyce Bland with the Duchess has the problem of beginning a part in a suppressed heat of passion and working beyond it to the icy dignity of utter despair. In the early love scene she fails. Her personality is ascetic rather than voluptuous. But she shows magnificent strength and tenderness in the later scenes, and altogether gives a lovely performance. The chief disappointment is Bosola. Here is a character of an immense passionate complexity yet Roy Graham's villainy is thin-blooded and intellectual with only the most perfunctory sign of inward conflict.

A Chinese Romance

After a brief Christmas recess and with a slight change of cast Mr. S. I. Hsiung's English version of an ancient Chinese fable, *Lady Precious Stream*, is once more to be seen at the Little Theatre. Mr. Hsiung, translator of many modern English plays into Chinese, shows delicate mastery of our language in the way he conveys to us the naive purity of sentiment which pervades, like the mellowed gold in a Chinese tapestry, this tale of a Prime Minister's daughter who marries a gardener and in consequence—through the tender and solicitous ingenuity of Heaven—becomes a queen. Her gardener, however, was not so cheap a figment as a king in disguise. When their poverty drives him to the wars, he valiantly wins his kingdom through conquering the heart of a princess of the Western Regions—an exploit which, though involving eighteen years of infidelity on his part, only makes more exquisite the ultimate reconciliation. Here is genuine refreshment, and no mere stimulant or narcotic, for Western nerves. The task before the promoters of the People's National Theatre in presenting this play through the vehicles of European physiognomy and voice is a hard one. Its achievements are admirable in Mr. Esmé Percy's mellifluous Prime Minister, Miss Maisie Darrell's enchanted heroine, Mr. Roger Livesey's robust and sensitive hero and in Miss Fabia Drake's amusing skit of Western femininity as the alien princess. The manifold difficulties of doing justice on the English stage to Chinese theatre-craft are well compensated, though not wholly solved, by the beauty of the costumes and decor.

"Remous"

The Curzon is certainly the most comfortable cinema in London—one of the few cinemas that seems to have been designed for the reception of civilised human beings—and, with *Refugees*, *Crime Without Passion* and now *Remous* to their credit, the management can claim that they have shown us some of 1934's best films. *Remous* is an exceedingly good picture. Produced by an Englishman, Edmond Greville, it introduces two actors—Jeanne Boitel and Jean Galland—who have had no previous film experience. They take the parts of a young married couple whose married life, owing to an accident which leaves the husband paralysed from the waist downwards, is ruined almost before it has begun. The wife does her best to devote herself, selflessly and platonically, to her husband, but at length gives in and takes a healthy and normal young man as lover. Henry shoots himself. . . . The story is worked out in a simple, sensitive and non-melodramatic style, though one could wish that there were fewer shots of seething waves. *Remous* is a painful and tragic film; but it is a picture that no intelligent film-goer ought to miss.

Annabella at the Forum

At the Forum Cinema, in Villiers Street, Charing Cross, Annabella, the charming blonde star whose beauty did so much to illuminate René Clair's early films, reappears in *Marie, An Hungarian Legend*, the story of a little servant-girl, who gives birth to an illegitimate baby, becomes a servant at a brothel (where she encounters all the humane virtues), is deprived of her child, succumbs to a life of misery and neglect, ascends to Paradise and thence (from the diamond-studded kitchen which is her celestial abode) prevents her daughter from making the same mistake by pouring a bucket of water, which turns into a shower of rain, upon the lovers' heads. *Marie* is well photographed; and, although both the treatment and subject matter are slightly sentimental, Annabella gives a moving performance as the little peasant. It would appear that the film was shot in Hungary; and there is an impressive background of Magyar costumes and the Hungarian landscape.

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, January 18th—

Meeting on Spain and the Saar. Speeches by Leah Manning, Fenner Brockway and others, Kingsway Hall, 7.30.

A. A. Burall on "The Alleged Unchangeability of Human Nature," Conway Hall, 7.30.

SATURDAY, January 19th—

Rugby Football, England *v.* Wales, Twickenham.

Violin and Pianoforte Recital, Victoria and Albert Museum, 3.

SUNDAY, January 20th—

Prof. F. Aveling on "Mind in Nature," Conway Hall, 11.

Bach's Mass in B Minor, St. Barnabas, Dulwich Village, 6.30.

Eda Kersey, Harry Isaacs and Laurence Holmes, Working Men's College, Crowndale Road, 6.30.

J. T. Murphy on "The Attack on Workers' Rights," Transport Hall, Westminster, 7.45.

MONDAY, January 21st—

Dr. M. Weinberger on "German Art of the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Centuries," University College, 5.30. And on Jan. 24.

R. H. Wilenski on "Art in Industry," Morley College, 8.

Mrs. B. L. King on "Recent Developments in Soviet Education," Conway Hall, 8.15.

Bertrand Russell on "The Place of Force in Civilised Society," Conway Hall, 8.30.

TUESDAY, January 22nd—

C. F. Andrews on "The Latest News from India," Friends House, Euston Road, 1.20.

Debate between Mr. and Mrs. Mollison: "That Record-breaking Flights no Longer Serve a Useful Purpose," 20, Regent Street, 6.30.

Dr. F. W. Norwood on "The Free Churches," Morley College, 8.

P. P. Eckersley on "Wireless Propaganda: Its Uses and Dangers," Conway Hall, 7.

"The Barretts of Wimpole Street," Piccadilly Theatre.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 23rd—

Sir Stafford Cripps on "The Case for Socialism," Kensington Town Hall, 8.15.

THURSDAY, January 24th—

Col. M. C. Nangle on "Towards the Khyber and Along the N.W. Frontier," Imperial Institute, South Kensington, 2.30.

Dr. William Moodie and Gerald Barry on "Child Psychology and the Problems of Parenthood," Hampstead Garden Suburb Institute, 8.30.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

> An unbelieving Eighteenth Century is but an exception—such as now and then occurs. I prophesy that the world will once more become *sincere*; a believing world: with *many* heroes in it, a heroic world!

AFTER ninety years Carlyle's prophecy is being fulfilled: in country after country hero-worship is becoming the established religion—a world indeed "with *many* heroes in it," "a believing world," or at least one in which to proclaim one's disbelief entails torture or death.

> Find in any country the Ablest Man that exists there; raise *him* to the supreme place, and loyally reverence him: you have a perfect government for that country; no ballot-box, parliamentary eloquence, voting, constitution-building or other machinery whatsoever can improve it a whit. It is the perfect state: an ideal country.

This might be Goebbels, but it is again Carlyle. I do not suggest that he would have recognised Hitler as "the Ablest Man," but it is astonishing that a professional historian, and moralist, who had read the lives of the Caesars (to say nothing of Frederick the Great), should have ignored the depraving effect of autocratic power alike on the rulers and the ruled. The consequences of hero-worship are now before our eyes, and might well make one regret the collapse of traditional religion. A Divinity represents an ideal, whereas the worship of a politician is the most degrading of all idolatries.

Success and power are the most usual criterions of greatness. One may feel that magnanimity is also an essential, but Napoleon was both "great" and entirely without magnanimity, though realism made him indulgent on occasions to those who failed him. But even if one insists that a "hero" must be noble as well as outstandingly able, hero-worship results in the reverence due to a man's good qualities being given also to his imperfections. Shakespeare seems to me the most venerable genius which the human race has erupted, and in his case hero-worship is not dangerous, because we know so little of his character and opinions. It is inconceivable, you say, that there can have been anything vile or even petty in such a man? But Beethoven, whose music is hardly less noble than Shakespeare's verse, was in many ways a detestable man. If we would be humane, it is important, I think, to insist that all men are imperfect, that the noblest characters entertain execrable thoughts and desires. Hero-worship is a religion destructive not only of reason, but of compassion.

* * *

Greatness is, of course, a relative term, and how is one to decide which are "great" enough among the thirty-seven men described in *Great Contemporaries* (Cassell, 8*s.* 6*d.*)? Here is the list:

> The Aga Khan, Bergson, Lord Cecil, Chaliapin, de Valera, Einstein, Havelock Ellis, Epstein, Ford, Frazer, Freud, Gandhi, Lloyd George, Hindenburg, Hitler, ibn Sa'ud, Lawrence of Arabia, Lodge, Lyautey, Ramsay MacDonald, Marconi, Mussolini, Kemal, Paderewski, Picasso, Pius XI, Reinhardt, Roosevelt, Rutherford, Schweitzer, Shaw, Sibelius, Smuts, Stalin, Toscanini, Trotsky, Venizelos.

Of these Einstein, Picasso and Freud seem to me the most certainly "great." If I had greater confidence in my musical taste I should add Sibelius; Chaliapin and Toscanini also undoubtedly are great, though we are probably right to feel that no interpreter can attain the heights occupied by the greatest composers and dramatists. When one passes from art to science, it is less easy to distinguish greatness. Art is an individual product, and success in it can never be attained by luck, whereas scientists profit continually from the discoveries of others and luck may decide who receives the credit for a particular discovery. Moreover, in art there are standards available for comparison: you can place a Picasso drawing by the side of a Raphael or an Ingres. But it is less simple, I suspect, to compare Rutherford with Leibnitz, or Pavlov (who is not included in this book) with Pasteur. In politics chance plays a still larger part. If Enver's jealousy had not kept Mustafa Kemal in the shade during the Young Turk regime, he would probably have been discredited in the debacle of 1918. And de Valera probably is President of the Irish Free State only because he is not Irish by birth: his American citizenship saved him when so many of his fellow-revolutionaries were executed. In politics, too, no man is safely great till he is dead. Writing of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, Mr. Bernays is obliged to use the past tense like M. Maurois in his essay on Lyautey, who died after the book had been planned. Similarly Hindenburg lived too long for his fame, and Lloyd George—or is he a Phoenix?—after the Armistice mutilated the image he offers to posterity. Others of the statesmen included have not failed, yet. But what Sedans may await Mussolini, Roosevelt, Hitler, de Valera, Stalin and the Ghazi? Longevity, usually a help to painters and musicians, is dangerous to statesmen. Gladstone's last years are his most glorious, but even Pitt, who died at forty-six, died too late.

* * *

A third of our Great Contemporaries are British, it seems, but I fear this may be due to the patriotism of the anonymous editor. Epstein, for instance, seems a most parochial choice. Among the foreigners, Pius XI, however popular with the Jesuits, does not seem a great man as Benedict XV was, and I entirely disbelieve in the greatness of Reinhardt. Bergson will be remembered chiefly, I think, for his influence on Proust. (But in any case the proportion of Jews among the contemporary great is most remarkable—Mr. Toynbee suggests that the Ghazi has Jewish blood. This is indeed the age of the "splendeurs et misères" of the Jews.) Moreover some of the most admirable of the men here classed as Great seem to me to lack the necessary stature. Greatness is more easily recognised than defined: it is more than ability, it is more than influence, it is more than—or at least different from—that intense imaginativeness which we call genius. Perhaps it is a combination of these three qualities: the men whom I have called "most certainly Great," Einstein, Picasso and Freud, have each of them had the imagination and the effectiveness to alter the human vision of life. The same is true, though to a slighter extent, of Trotsky, Gandhi and Mussolini, but not of most of the others. Frazer and Havelock Ellis, for instance, though their influence has been excellent and immense, seem to fall short of genius. Schweitzer, however, impressive as a personality, seems unlikely to leave much mark upon mankind. Ford has all three qualities perhaps, but the meanness of his *Weltanschauung* makes one reluctant to place him with the Heroes. It is notable that Shaw is the only man of letters among the thirty-seven and he owes his place less to his creative than his missionary powers. (For my part I would rather have included Wells for his wider imagination.) And it is a gloomy comment on the condition of literature that there is nowhere a writer, unless it be Gorki or Claudel, whose claim to greatness imposes itself.

* * *

The essays in this book maintain a level remarkably high for an omnibus volume. Mr. Bridie is very weak on Shaw, and the account of Venizelos (almost a great man, I suspect) is egotistical, misleading and quite unworthy of Mr. Compton Mackenzie. Particularly good are William Plomer on Smuts, G. D. H. Cole on Ford, Arnold Toynbee on Kemal, H. J. Laski on Trotsky, Gerald Heard on Marconi, and J. L. Gray on Freud. The essays on Mussolini and Stalin are regrettably uncritical, but there is seldom any attempt in this book to stupefy us with the fumes of incense or the devout music of the organ. Hero-worship shows no sign of infecting this country—we may be a stupid people, but we are not foolish, and we are profoundly sceptical. Our intellectuals and our unintellectuals share a healthy disbelief in human infallibility.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

DIFFERENT LIVES

Those Rich and Great Ones. By HENRI CHARPENTIER and BOYDEN SPARKES. *Gollancz.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

At 33. By EVA LE GALLIENNE. *Lane.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Memories of My Childhood. By SELMA LAGERLÖF. *Laurie.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Sunrise to Evening Star. By MARINA KING. *Harrap.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Seals. By MONK GIBBON. *Cape.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

In scene, in action, in manner and manners, these five books have little in common. A little Niçois in a page's uniform is chivvied round the gilded corridors of the Riviera hotels of the 'nineties and attains his own restaurant, with his own name on the plates, in the New York of the 'twenties; a little girl in London copies out in her own hand the whole of Bernhardt's autobiography and before many years has her own theatre in New York; another treks by ox-wagon from the Cape into Natal in the 'seventies and drives overland to London by motor-car in the nineteen-thirties; a lame girl in a Swedish manor-house listens to stories and observes her elders with the receptiveness that later makes her a supreme story-teller of her country; an Irish poet goes out in a boat with English friends to shoot seals, and is left analysing the old enigma, "*Odi dum amo.*" But essentially they are concerned with one thing—the presentation, and in a way the preservation, of the self. This, of course, is a hard matter to achieve. There is, for instance, a four-o'clock-in-the-morning self which nearly every autobiographer ignores, instinctively veiling its wakeful despairs, but which, truly apprehended, is a necessary complement to the clothed and visible self which experiences triumph or hardship in the fully waking state. Of these five writers, Mr. Monk Gibbon, although the least autobiographical in intention, comes nearest to bringing his reader into direct contact with his own experience; and this because, a more conscious artist, he selects and concentrates.

M. Charpentier's book has a twofold handicap. In the first place his fame depends on something almost uncommunicable by words—a mastery of the art of cooking, and of the delectable machinery whereby that mastery is made expensively available. The triumphs of the great chef or the great *restaurateur* can be recorded but never preserved: the genius of Carême, as of Paganini or Taglioni, we must take on ancestral trust. But a graver handicap is that produced (we must presume) by his collaborator, whose name suggests that he is English-speaking. Poor M. Charpentier's obvious vivacity has to struggle all the time with a curious crimped English which one supposed existed only in the prospectuses of *stations balnéaires.* His pages grow stiff with sentences of this sort:

> Every time guests were departing [the concierge] would send me off with a despatch to the tower telegraph station perched on the cliff edge so its semaphore signals could be seen by mariners' eyes on ships far out on that sapphire sea. . . . .

However, with patience one acquires the knack of reading through this superimposed wrapping, and the self-portrait is a very engaging one. Samuel Smiles would probably have deplored the hedonism of it all, but could hardly have denied a supreme example of self-help. Save the tips of kind English duchesses and you will soon be on bowing terms with grand-dukes and princes and, in the end, with Pierpont Morgans. Nay, you may even come to know "Mr. Cyril de Cordova who tips like nobody else . . .". In one respect at least, M. Charpentier can claim superiority over the legendary Vatel. For whereas that master fell back on suicide when there was a failure with the King's fish, M. Charpentier turned a disaster with a spirit-lamp into a triumph, under the very nose of King Edward, and from the happy flames produced *crêpes Suzette.*

Miss Le Gallienne, too, seems to have found greater honour in America than in the land of her birth, and at a remarkably early age. Her story is told artlessly but well, keeping the balance on the right side between a deep-rooted, instinctive enthusiasm for the theatre and that gushing distortion of values which is the bane of most theatrical autobiography. It culminates in her account of the rise, and honourable fall, of the Civic Repertory Theatre in New York, and many English readers will be left with a wish that she may return to this country, to be not only seen as an actress but felt as an animator.

Miss Lagerlöf's *Memories of My Childhood,* from internal evidence, must originally have been written some years ago; and its old-fashioned flavour is accentuated by a slightly, but not uncongenially, stilted translation. The picture of Swedish country-house life is built up in a string of remembered episodes, and there is a pleasing sense of well-being and honourable security, enduring year in, year out, through the cycle of the seasons—until, at the last, the growing child sees cracks spreading in her self-contained little world: the family estates are threatened, Uncle Kalle must sell Gardsjö, Mamma weeps, and somehow the fairy-tale charm of this northern manor is just about to evaporate when the story is broken off.

Sunrise to Evening Star deserved a better title. Mrs. King's story of seventy years in South Africa may have a few sententious moments, but it is spirited, varied, and often extraordinarily vivid in a quite unforced way. Her father retired from the Navy to become a pioneer farmer in Natal, and she married another Naval officer who did likewise. Most of the disasters of war and the pioneering life struck at them, and where there is gold there is turbulence; but Mrs. King's resource and courage make good reading, not least because she never once mentions them.

But Mr. Monk Gibbon's *The Seals,* which has only thirty-six hours to record, is by far the most direct and satisfying account of a personal experience in all these five books. It is not easy to describe: a book of such individual character never is. Mr. Gibbon simply records a seal-shooting expedition off the Donegal coast. But although he is fully participating in the sport, and drawing us into an astonishing visual enjoyment of the scene (the description of Hermon's shot on pages 164–166 is really admirable), it is all the time raising in his mind the old problem of man's relation to the animal world. What is the nature of the protective casing that enables the sportsman to destroy what he loves? He watches it forming itself, in himself and in others. He realises the mawkishness of the sentimentalist humanitarians, and no less the induced blindness of the unthinking killer. He offers no final answer to the problems of life and pain which are thus raised. There are the moments of "a joyous self-identification with life," broken by the opposing realisation of "man's separateness, of his enmity with nature." Each of these has reality in itself, each an unreality in its ephemeralness. And the book ends as it should end, with the actors coming ashore, but leaving our thoughts to find their way farther.

HAMISH MILES

AN EIGHTEENTH CENTURY SOCIOLOGIST

The Fable of the Bees. By BERNARD MANDEVILLE. Edited with an introduction by DOUGLAS GARMAN. *Wishart.* 6*s.*

Anyone who enjoyed Y. Y.'s recent article on salads—and who did not?—would appreciate Mandeville's *Fable of the Bees.* The former, translated into the language of the eighteenth century, might easily pass for one of the "Remarks" in which the author of the latter supplied reasoned commentaries on his own original verses. If you can imagine Y. Y.'s elegant squib provoking attack and counter-attack, criticism and vindication, misunderstanding and exposition, in the course of which the author waxed ever more serious and his composition grew from a few paragraphs of light-hearted journalism into two volumes of social philosophy, you will understand better than in any other way, except by reading it, the true character of Mandeville's Fable. And when you do read it, you will not expect to find a beautifully balanced edifice of logical thought, but rather a brilliant, disorderly and pungently satirical collection of devastating half-truths. And that is what it is.

Mandeville's theme is the same as Y. Y.'s. Actions which we call virtuous—like eating salad—are prompted, not by an innate instinct for good, but by tyrannical passions of self-love, such as pride, shame, envy and greed. This is the psychological part of his argument, and it is brilliantly illustrated by analytical sketches of human behaviour. Mr. Garman regards it as foreshadowing a theory which is still being developed by psycho-analysis. But it is nearer to the ideas of Pareto, since, in Mandeville's conception of society the rationalisation of motives in obedience to social conventions and in conformity with socially-created patterns is more important than the working of the individual unconscious.

Secondly Mandeville argues that vicious actions promote public good—"Private Vices, Public Benefits" as he puts it in the sub-title. Here his illustrations are mainly economic; and it is here that his argument is most defective. We must remember, as the editor points out, that he was adopting the current orthodox view that *all* self-regarding acts are vicious. It was not his own view, and Adam Smith was wrong to condemn him

for holding it. Yet his refusal to discriminate between social and anti-social conduct, when both contain an element of self-seeking, prevented him from achieving clarity of thought. He shows how the most obvious vices have good results. Destructive wars create employment, luxurious tastes encourage trade and prostitution defends the virtue of the respectable. It is little more than an elaboration of the proverb, " It's an ill wind that blows nobody any good." But he goes on to argue as though this were identical with the proposition " Every ill wind blows to the general good." That, as J. M. Robertson pointed out, is his great failure. He never examined the nature of the general good. He supported his theories, as satirists must, with concrete individual cases of vice and virtue, gain and loss. This apparent eagerness to defend acts which are not merely selfish in motive but noxious in their immediate effects obscured the importance of his main sociological thesis, that society is based on interacting self-interests, not on a benevolent instinct for sociability. Really he was trying to say three things. First, that all noxious acts do good to someone. Secondly, that some noxious acts are necessary to the public good. And thirdly that vicious (i.e. selfish) acts are the basis of all social organisation. But since he refused to discriminate between vicious (i.e. self-seeking) acts and noxious (i.e. immediately anti-social) acts, and failed to examine the nature of the public good, he never succeeded in making himself clear. Had he done so he might have revised his third, or philosophic, thesis of ethical relativity. Having no conception of ultimate social ends, he could easily persuade himself that the rejection of revealed morality led to moral anarchy. Although a rationalist, he remained unaware of the possibility of a rational ethic which discovers new standards in its analysis of social purpose. But whatever its faults, the book is a brilliant performance and all the more entertaining now that the heated passions of the eighteenth century have subsided. Mandeville is a master of satire and, like most satirists, is at his best when being rather shocking about sex.

Mr. Garman has chosen to print Volume I, omitting the essay on Charity and the Vindication. He has omitted the Index and thereby lost a few gems, such as " Description (a) of the Pleasure of the Voluptuous, 157; of the Killing of a Bullock, 196." He has included the first of the dialogues which compose the second volume. Many will feel it would have been better to print Volume I entire and omit the dialogue. The Vindication in particular contains much which helps to explain the growth of Mandeville's ideas. But this is a question of taste, rather than argument, and all should be grateful for this valuable reprint of a rare and fascinating work.

T. H. MARSHALL

NEW NOVELS

Foreigners. By LEO WALMSLEY. *Cape.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
More Lives than One. By J. E. C. BORNE. *Cape.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Storme Haven. By JOYCE MAYHEW. *Barker.* 8*s.* 6*d.*
Susan and Joanna. By ELIZABETH CAMBRIDGE. *Cape.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Bessie Cotter. By WALLACE SMITH. *Heinemann.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Round Trip. By DON TRACY. *Constable.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Both *Foreigners* and *More Lives than One* are written in the first person singular—a form of novel which has its own peculiar problems and pitfalls. One of the unattractive traits sometimes engendered by this method is a tendency for the " I " of the book to get too close to the reader. By the use of various tricks he seems to take one by the button-hole, press himself closer and closer and speak into one's very ear, until the proper distance at which the novel can be observed objectively and as a whole has been hopelessly over-stepped. Such a trick is the special use of " you " so difficult to avoid in a monologue novel. For instance: " You felt that dirt couldn't touch Slogger. You felt it was just the same with Sin." Though this is a quotation from *Foreigners*, such turns of phrase are rare with Mr. Walmsley, who avoids the danger of being over-confiding with great skill.

Even more successfully does he deal with the added difficulties caused by the fact that his soloist is a small boy. In one sense it is the same problem as that which arises in a historical novel. To make Queen Elizabeth or a small boy speak as they actually would have done is irritating and fidgeting to the reader, and some process of translation has to take place. Mr. Walmsley has realised that it is in the content (not the form) of his sentences, in the ideas and, above all, his selection from experience that he must follow his young hero. These he has set down in prose of admirable directness and lucidity, and very little that is incongruous with the boy's range of vision has crept in. The author does not wear the boy's point of view like clumsy fancy dress; he has contrived to get inside his skin. He shows us in *Foreigners*, through the eyes of the son of a needy artist, the life of a seaside Yorkshire village; the fights between rough little boys, their adventures on the shore or birds-nesting or poaching, and various village incidents in which seafaring drunks and impostors figure. The story is built up by means of a child's interest in facts and in his physical sensations, and illuminated by a child's speculations —upon Good and Evil for example—and a child's comparisons. " It wasn't too nice confessing things to mother," says Sonny. " It was just like wanting to be sick and not being able to." All this the author achieves with scarcely a false note, and to those who are not interested in the contents of a boy's mind this very fact may well prove a bar. It is not a characteristic of youth to be very interested in character in the round, but Sonny's isolated observations do succeed by a sort of chipping process in hewing out for us the figures of his artist father and his wife, in real if rough verisimilitude. And though the impressions going to make it may be disconnected, as a child's are, the whole picture of the village, with its sandy shores, its wheeling gulls, and drunks rolling down the street, is fresh and vivid. One of the best episodes is the visit to the school of a Temperance Missionary, who lectures the little boys on the dangers of drunkenness, driving home his points with the aid of a cow's liver pickled in alcohol.

Miss Borne, authoress of *More Lives than One*, does not, alas, present an objective picture through the eyes of her narrator, Helen Kerr. The sense of over-familiarity, notably absent from *Foreigners*, is here very much to the fore. One has in fact the uncomfortable feeling of having pried through a keyhole upon some very intimate scenes, but—and here is the peculiar snag—that the actors have been aware of, and revelled in, their exposure. Helen takes to the task of self-portraiture with too embarrassing abandon for our comfort. She tells us about " the core of her personality, that has been so secret and frightening," about " spilt joy " and " all the lovely brave things," and asks: " Can one have no pretences, and avoid being cruel and strange? " The scene which the book discloses is a particularly intimate one. On the first page, we see Helen by the dead body of her husband, and we follow her peregrinations and emotions through the first few days of her misery. This is Miss Borne's first novel, and perhaps that is why her use of words carries with it such a feeling of effort. There are many pictures of nature, elaborate, laborious and strangely unmoving.

Storme Haven is also a first novel by a woman. It is a well-constructed account of a governess's experiences in the house of a rich and overwrought family in California. Except when the action quickens and carries it along it is written in rather self-conscious prose, which Miss Mayhew has tried to make too uniformly rich in images; with the result that the mind fails after a time to react to any of them, and begins to hanker after a plain statement. She is a very feminine writer, as appears in her preoccupation with clothes and the furniture of rooms. How well this has been turned to account by some women writers! But it is not enough to make catalogues and trust to the magic of the words " dull green blouse " or " cool English water-colours " to do the rest. Miss Mayhew has, however, a feeling for character. Her portrait of a minor figure, a trained nurse, is excellent.

Miss Cambridge has obviously done exactly what she set out to do in *Susan and Joanna*, and her admirers will not be disappointed in this new story. She conveys the development of her two heroines and their relations to each other more by dissertation than through action and dialogue, but even this is deliberate. This novel is a competent example of a standard type which seems to be becoming more and more fixed. The most original feature of *Susan and Joanna* is the very dramatic role which animals play in it.

Both *Bessie Cotter* and *Round Trip* are written in a foreign language—the American vernacular. Wallace Smith showed himself, in *The Captain Hates the Sea*, to have a cynical eye and a mastery of bright dialogue. Now, in *Bessie Cotter* there is confirmation of the curious fact that almost every cynic has a streak of rose-colour in his spectacles, and that it will very likely reveal itself when the subject in view is prostitution. Bessie Cotter is the most popular prostitute in a Chicago brothel, and the entire book is given over to the daily life of its inmates, expressed in very lively, convincing and often amusing dialogue. Grim and cynical enough is the painting of the background of bar and tinny piano, crack-voiced crooner, and the stairs up and down which there is an everlasting tramping of the girls and their clients. " These

stairs are terrible," says Bessie, "if these reformers ever want to reform me, all they got to do is put on a couple extra stairs." But take a sharp look at the prostitutes and they turn out to be thinly disguised high-school girls, with the same team spirit and loyalty. Even the Bad Girl of the school is there, in the shape of Jenny the nymphomaniac. But unlike school-girls or members of any other profession, they seem to be entirely free from evil passions of any sort—even jealousy. Perhaps this is true to life, but Bessie herself is too much of a little ray of sunshine to carry conviction. She lends everyone money, is mother and confidante to all, and commits countless actions of unparallelled self-sacrifice. The monotony of the background together with the episodic nature of the events produces a slight feeling of tedium, in spite of the good entertainment the book often provides.

Reading *Round Trip* is like seeing a slick, spirited American film (such as *The Front Page*). Here is all the vitality and staggering speed, and a good deal of pretty raw sentiment as well, splashed on with a confidence which is almost its saving. It is the story of an American press photographer, whose varied career includes pimping, being tried for manslaughter and taking indecent photographs. The pressmen and others who inhabit its pages give each other "the dope," "hell," "a break" and "the works" unceasingly. I found the prologue unreadable; but for those who enjoy American films there is a great deal of enjoyment to be got out of the book, and it should make even a Channel crossing pass quickly.

FRANCES BIRD

CULTURE AND EDUCATION

The Greek Portrait. Edited by G. ROSTREVOR HAMILTON. *Nonesuch Press.* £2 2s.

An Anthology of Latin and English Verse. Edited by G. D. ROBERTS. *Macmillan.* 4s. 6d.

"This edition consists of 425 copies on Pannekoek paper in the Fleischman Greek and Lutetia types. . . . Francis Meynell designed it and J. van Krimpen printed and made it in Holland at the Press of Enschedé en Zonen Haarlem." These, the last printed words, are the most adequate description of this aristocrat of the publishing world, this lordling of Nonesuch. Despite his fine feathers and cultured air, we hesitate to recommend him as a companion or friend. We share Macaulay's affection for our own dog-eared Virgil and like the classics not in court dress. For whom is this anthology designed? For the scholar, the dilettante, the University prize-winner? For the libraries of the peerage, or the bedside of a Cabinet Minister? There are three drawings of a naked girl by Mariette Lydis, faultlessly reproduced.

The Nonesuch Press is not above being useful. We are eternally grateful for the Donne, the Coleridge, the Swift. Nor, on the other hand, do we quarrel with the sumptuousness and expense of the Nonesuch Dante, the Bible, the Homer. But the volume before us, like the Nonesuch Chapman, falls between two printers' stools. Is this, we ask ungraciously, simply an excuse for experiment in type, paper and format, a compliment to the bibliophile and connoisseur in fine printing? Are there four hundred and twenty-five members of the Double Crown and First Edition Clubs with two guineas to spare? The exquisite taste and flawless craftsmanship make us hypercritical of the contents. And, unfortunately, we think a great deal more highly of the printer than we do of the editor.

The editor's introduction, to one who has read Dickinson's *Greek View of Life* and Bowra's introduction to the *Oxford Book*, is feeble indeed. And who will spend two guineas on the *Greek Portrait* who is unfamiliar with these? The notes baffle us even more. We read that "Pindar is a difficult poet for the modern to appreciate"; that "in the epigram Simonides was a past-master"; that "as a dramatic artist Euripides has many faults"; that "in Sappho we find Greek lyric at its most personal and passionate." These original comments are varied by a little fact: for example, "the Ninth Pythian celebrates the victory in the footrace for men in armour won in 474 B.C. by Telesicrates of Cyrene": or by a little fancy, when Mr. Rostrevor Hamilton remarks that Alice Meynell is the only English poet whose diction can be compared with that of Sappho. Is this book, we ask again, intended for a cultivated nobleman, a Regius Professor of Greek or an undergraduate? And if Mr. Hamilton is going to comment on Cory's famous translation of Callimachus, he should point out that the first line is misleading.

Turning to the selection and translations, good things of course are to be found, both old and new: Mr. F. L. Lucas's translation from Theognis, and Turbeville's pretty, faulty version of Plato's epigram:

> My Girle, thou gazest much
> upon the golden skies:
> Would I were Heaven, I would behold
> thee then with all mine eies.

But in many cases prose would be a better medium for translation than verse. The editor's own painful attempt at the *Antigone* chorus bears witness to this.

If the Nonesuch Press wished to print a Greek Anthology in fine style, they had three alternatives before them. The first—a careful and comprehensive selection—is ruled out by the *Oxford Book*. The second, an anthology with "crib," would include some prose translation—for instance, from Colonel Lawrence's translation of the *Odyssey*—and, possibly, some pieces of Greek prose. The third alternative and the best would follow Walter Headlam's lead. We should find not only translations where the translation could stand on its own merit, but English passages for contrast and comparison: Keats's Ode to Autumn beside the Homeric hymn to Demeter, choruses from *Empedocles*, stanzas from *Thyrsis*, a character of Theophrastus with its counterpart in Overbury or Earle, Greek and Elizabethan pastoral (Angel Day's *Daphnis and Chloe* perhaps), Demosthenes and Burke.

This would have been Mr. G. D. Roberts' way, who (by the grace of Messrs. Macmillan) has produced for four shillings and sixpence an admirable comparative selection of English and Latin poetry. Mr. Roberts knows what he is at and who he is writing for. He teaches boys at Liverpool Institute High School, and judging by his selection and his notes he must teach them uncommonly well. Here we have *Persicos odi* beside Thackeray's

> But a plain leg of mutton, my Lucy,
> I prithee get ready at three;
> Have it smoking, and tender and juicy
> And what better meat can there be.

Catullus and Campion, Ovid's parrot and Gray's tortoiseshell cat, Arnold's Geist and Martial's Issa are some of the happy couplings. We miss Milton's Horatian sonnets, Tennyson's lines to F. D. Maurice, his *Row Us Out From Desenzano* and Pope's satire; and

THIS is the first of a series of monthly spaces to be taken by CHAPMAN & HALL★ to announce their list of sociological books—books that are indispensable to readers of the NEW STATESMAN. Two very important books have just been published. The first of these, JULIUS HECKER'S the COMMUNIST ANSWER TO THE WORLD'S NEEDS, 8s. 6d. Dr. Hecker, whose philosophical treatises have won him universal respect, here discusses with tolerance and lucidity such vital themes as Technocracy, the Douglas Credit Scheme, Social and State Planning. While in the other book, MARXISM, 5s., four writers of established reputation have written a critical explanation of what they consider the essentials of the subject. Mr. JOHN MACMURRAY (Grote Professor of Philosophy in the University of London) discusses the philosophical aspect; Mr. MIDDLETON MURRY explores the bearing of Marxism on the problems of individuality which so agitate the modern mind; Mr. N. A. HOLDAWAY discusses capitalism; and Mr. G. D. H. COLE contributes an important discussion on the relation between the Marxist analysis and present-day conditions.

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the book as a whole is a trifle scrappy—the section entitled "The Soul" is poor—but these are minor criticisms. One thing is certain. The man who (like Shakespeare) knows or remembers little Latin and less Greek, will fare better on Macmillan's leg of mutton than the Persian pomp of the Nonesuch Press.

NO HOPE FOR THE THEATRE

The Theatre. By THEODORE KOMISARJEVSKY. *Lane.* 3s. 6d.

As a producer of plays Mr. Komisarjevsky is well known in this country, and wherever there have been actors and audiences capable of an open-minded approach to the art of the theatre his work has been recognised as being out of the mindless routine into which play-writing and play-producing have sunk under the tyranny of syndicate commercialism which has dominated the English theatre—and more especially the London theatre—for very many years now.

With the exception of that veteran producer Mr. Gordon Craig, it is hard to think of anyone in England connected with the theatre who has the point of view of an artist—that is to say of one whose primary interest is in the art of the theatre and not in the pursuit of making money out of the public through the theatre. The present utter degradation of the theatre is apparent in the almost completely uncritical way in which the London press treats from day to day plays, actors and actresses whom no intelligent lover of the theatre could find the slightest pleasure in seeing. Those few critics who have a natural liking—one cannot yet call it "love"—for the theatre that is something more than a mere liking for a place of entertainment in which they can digest their dinners, are tongue-tied in the presence of conditions so unfavourable to the theatre that they are afraid to add to these difficulties by one adverse word. The spectacle of an honest man like Mr. St. John Ervine sermonising at great length weekly, and thundering as futilely as a clergyman threatening hell-fire against the sins of the English theatre, is quite enough to prove that the present situation is hopeless. Mr. St. John Ervine, like every other English dramatic critic or playwright, never once goes to the root of the situation, which is commercial exploitation. Every year young actors arrive fresh from their studies, many of them full of ardent love and enthusiasm for their art, and discover that there is no place in the ordinary theatre for any of their ambitions or ideals. Those in control of the theatres are not concerned with the development of actors and their art, they are only seeking a box-office "draw." The star system, which is the product of mere commercialism in the theatre, is one of the means by which the theatre has been corrupted to mere money-making. Mr. Komisarjevsky puts it very well when he says:

> Young actors lacking artistic leadership, instead of finding sincere ways of stage expression and perfecting their technique, senselessly aped the stars, using their ways of speaking and moving, their mannerisms and their "business," like rubber-stamps, and imitating wholesale their interpretations of parts.

This "monkey-business," he says, is known as "following sacred stage traditions." Another result of this system, writes Mr. Komisarjevsky, is that

> The big increase in actors' salaries, and the use of elaborate sets and dresses, naturally led to the spending of vast sums in production. . . . In order to reduce the general expenditure the directors underpaid all actors and stage-workers other than the "leads."

In fact we may see in the theatre, in an even more acute form, that exploitation of small and modest people for the sake of a few, which is what society for the last hundred and fifty years has been suffering from generally.

Now it is Mr. Komisarjevsky's signal virtue that he perceives how intimately the theatre is connected with the society of which it is a part. You cannot keep sociological questions out of consideration when considering the condition of theatrical art. The *laisser-faire* policy which has long been finally discredited in economics, and indeed in almost every branch of practical life on the material side, is still in full possession of the theatre. Unashamed, barefaced exploitation of the public is taken for granted not only as legitimate but as a completely satisfactory method of providing a nation with its theatrical art. We need not be surprised, therefore, when Mr. Komisarjevsky writes:

> The author of this work professes neither the Bolshevist, Fascist, Nazi, or any other current political faith. He has his own. But he welcomes Fascism, Communism and Nazism as powerful forces which will help to open up the roads towards a new life of cultured, disciplined *individuals*, united in corporations under the leadership of enlightened men for social, scientific and artistic work.

In this statement we have defined the attitude of every true artist living to-day, except that we may not all share Mr. Komisarjevsky's belief that all the forces he mentions (or any particular one of them!) are going to bring about the necessary changes in our social system so far as it affects the arts. But nobody can doubt that while mere commercialism controls the theatre, as it does at present, there can be no hope of a living dramatic art except in the obscure by-ways and corners of this country. In the meantime Mr. Komisarjevsky's book, which is a concise history as well as a critical analysis of the theatre in Europe, ought to be read by everybody who has any real interest in the subject.

W. J. TURNER

AMERICANISM IN THE MAKING

The Sentimental Years. 1836–1860. By E. DOUGLAS BRANCH. *Appleton.* 15s.

"Americanism" is a phenomenon of recent growth. When George Ticknor visited London during 1815, he would appear to have been almost as little hampered by a sense of unfamiliarity as any European exploring one of the remoter districts of his native land; and perhaps the greatest interest of Mr. Douglas Branch's unusually interesting and illuminating book is that it describes the American spirit in process of development. This chronicle takes us up to the America we know. True, *The Sentimental Years* stop short at 1860; but already we have caught a glimpse of Henry James the elder, "geographically and intellectually roving"; and the cultured exodus, epitomised in his son, was well under way. . . . By comparison, the earlier period was self-sufficient. Americans had lost that sympathy with European life which had made it possible for Ticknor to converse with English celebrities on easy and unselfconscious terms; while Europe was not yet a place of pilgrimage. A staunch belief in superiority of American manners was still unqualified by a renascent respect for the Old World.

Self-assurance was characteristic of the times. Mr. Branch's first three chapters, *Progress and a Doubt*, *This Fine Busy World* and *The Honest Mechanic*, are devoted to the expansion of American commerce; and Mr. Branch draws a vivid and not entirely unprepossessing picture of the American merchant during an epoch when the word "millionaire"—coined originally at the death of Pierre Lorillard, landholder, banker and tobacconist—was just receiving journalistic currency. Between 1820 and 1860, capital shifted from maritime commerce to manufactures; but as late as the mid-fifties considerable fortunes were yet to be made in shipping, and the mercantile houses of New York were conducted on patriarchal lines, the Merchant himself in his counting-room ("reverently ornamented" with busts of sundry American heroes, balanced by effigies of Shakespeare and Milton) ruling over a family of industrious and ambitious clerks who started work at a wage of fifty or seventy-five dollars a year, and were required to attend prayer-meetings twice a week and Divine Service twice on the Sabbath Day. Such was the pious background of American capitalism. "Thank God," exclaimed the author of *The Newsboy*, "there is a wake of broad, generous, manly, and Christian principles following the pathway of an American ship." Yet more revelatory are Mr. Branch's quotations from *The Book of Wealth*, published in 1836 by a Christian apologist for the religion of Big Business, the Reverend Thomas P. Hunt. The desire to increase one's substance, argued this gentleman, is so widespread as to be almost universal throughout the human race. One might say, indeed, that it is a law of human nature. And, granted that it *is* a law, ought we to doubt that the instincts of cupidity have been implanted by the Creator with some wise and benevolent design? ". . . May it not be presumed that it is a duty to be rich? And one thing is certain: no man can be obedient to God's will, as revealed in the Bible, without becoming wealthy."

The ideal of the industrious apprentice was much in vogue; and if old-fashioned merchants were solicitous of their clerks' spiritual welfare and themselves went about with the merchant's guide to virtue, printed on a card "broadsheet or pocket size," tucked away among their banknotes and bills of lading, representatives of the new capitalism were equally diligent. Thus Lowell, the metropolis of the Massachusetts textile industry, set a shining

example to employers of the modern school. Satan, these philanthropists were convinced, was quick to avail himself of any chink in a young girl's working day not "filled up with profitable employment"; and from five o'clock in the morning, when they were summoned from bed in the model boarding-houses where they lodged, they were kept busy till seven o'clock at night, with half an hour's recess at midday, curfew being rigorously enforced at ten. On Saturday evenings, however, "the girls were never retained after dusk" . . . Recruited from "the healthy and virtuous population of the country," the daughters of Massachussetts farmers may not have retained their health in over-heated workrooms of which the windows remained hermetically sealed at the close of the day's work, but no effort was spared to preserve their virtue. Any time that they were able to snatch from the factory was occupied with lectures, meetings and classes.

Among the many opportunities of intellectual improvement afforded the young cotton-spinners of the Merrimack Mills was a magazine (subsidised by the manufacturers) known as *The Lowell Offering*. During its comparatively short existence, sixty or seventy girls contributed; for, in the period described by Mr. Branch, no feature of the American scene was more noteworthy than the very wide, if somewhat shallow, diffusion of literary talent; and we should be doing *The Sentimental Years* a very grave injustice, were we to assume that Americans of the 'thirties, 'forties and 'fifties were engrossed in pioneering or money-getting to the exclusion of literature and art. Since Mr. Branch is writing a general history of the age, he does not include—save for a passing reference—the brilliant but exceptional names of Hawthorne and Poe. His business is with best-sellers and popular favourites; and numerous and fascinating the catalogue proves—from Bryant, "our Magnus Apollo," to Sara Payson Willis (who, under the pseudonym, "Fanny Fern" wrote a volume of sketches entitled *Fern Leaves from Fanny's Portfolio* and other immensely successful books), her brother, the no less gifted Nathaniel Parker Willis, and the celebrated Mrs. Sigourney, "the American Hemans," of whom a savage portrait—"beplastered with rouge and pomatum—bare necked in an age which had left *certainty* far behind—with long ringlets that never grew where they were hung—smelling marvellously of camphor or hartshorn—all glistening in black satin (. . . and staring her eyes out")—has survived in the correspondence of Jane Carlyle.

Reveries of a Bachelor by Donald Grant Mitchell sold to the tune of more than a million copies. In all these works, sentimental musing, touched with moral edification, and a strain of sturdy nationalism that exalted the beauties of the American landscape and the American character at the expense of more conventional poetic modes, were the chief ingredients. And the prejudices of the period were charmingly summed up in a poem culled from a book of verses by Mrs. R. J. Avery:

> From France we ne'er can copy airs,
> Nor ape her courtly etiquette;
> Our sons—like bold and hardy Tars—
> Our daughters—*Violets*. . . .
>
> Our bouquets simple though they be,
> In our own native woods they bloom,
> Uncultured—in our Tennessee
> They yield perfume.

Of the uncultured bouquets put forth by *The Sentimental Years* Mr. Branch has made an absorbing selection. Painting and sculpture—embodied in various *genre* and landscape painters and in such sculptors as Hiram Powers, author of that unveiled but surprisingly modest statue "The Greek Slave," which represented, the sculptor explained, a young lady taken captive by the Turks, awaiting her sale with a mixture of keen anxiety and steadfast reliance on the goodness of God—also offer the historian a rich field. From the fine arts, Mr. Branch passes to temperance reform—"Tell me," implored a poetess of 1853,

> Tell me I HATE the bowl—
> *Hate* is a feeble word,
> I loathe—ABHOR—*my very soul*
> *With strong disgust is stirred*
> When I see, or hear, or tell,
> Of the dark BEVERAGE OF HELL.

—feminism, education, abolitionism, popular science and kindred subjects. In *The Chariot of Fire* and *Toward the Seventh Circle*, Mr. Branch covers much the same ground as Mrs. Ray Strachey in her recent study of religious fanaticism; but the Prophet Noyes, who founded a system of "complex marriage" in which "selfish love"—or monogamy—was ranked as a cardinal offence, is unfamiliar to the English reading public.

Altogether, *The Sentimental Years*, though written in a style that borders, now and then, on the unduly facetious, is a book that should be read, both for the sake of the vignette-portraits and glimpses of odd social scenery with which the historian's narrative is thickly embroidered, and as a guide to the development of the American spirit. Decidedly and intentionally a popular book, it is the product of a well-informed and sensitive commentator. P. Q.

THE CASE FOR CAPITALISM

The Correct Economy for the Machine Age. By A. G. McGregor. With a Foreword by J. A. Hobson. *Pitman.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. McGregor belongs to that large and growing class of persons who believe that they have found a simple means of redressing the evils of industrialism without changing the fundamental basis of the present economic system; and Mr. McGregor's claims have to be taken more seriously than many because they are so largely endorsed by Mr. J. A. Hobson in his Foreword to this book. Broadly, Mr. McGregor holds, with Mr. Hobson, that the main source of the troubles of capitalist industrialism lies in its tendency to bring about a mal-distribution of wealth which results in under-consumption and a tendency to save too much in relation to the available purchasing power in the hands of the consumers. Accordingly Mr. McGregor proposes to set matters right by compulsory raising of wages. He wants the State to decree wage advances on the basis of flat percentage additions to existing wage-rates, on a scale sufficient to bring consuming power up to the level of productive capacity. He realises, however, that this cannot be done by a single community as long as its foreign trade continues to be competitive with that of foreign countries, and it remains under a gold standard or some similar management of the currency which links it definitely to the currencies of other countries. Accordingly, he proposes that under the changed system which he recommends exchange rates should be so regulated as to produce the requisite balance between imports and exports, and that all foreign trade should pass through a central clearing house in order that the authority regulating the currency may have adequate

1920-1934

THE INDIAN STRUGGLE

by SUBHAS C. BOSE

THE history of these 14 years of intense activity by the Indian Nationalist Movement is of incalculable importance to the British Empire and to the world.

It is fortunate that this essential document should have been written by Subhas C. Bose for he has taken a prominent part in every stage of the struggle. Though now in exile, he has once more been elected President of the Bengal Congress.

He analyses the rôles of Gandhi, Das and other leaders, and explains the variations in Congress policy necessitated by the different moves of Government. He reveals the brutal repression exercised against the native population. His book is a measure of the strength of responsible Indian opinion which holds that India's present status is intolerable.

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data and full control over the receipts and payments involved. His scheme further includes stabilisation of the internal price-level in terms of wholesale prices, after this price-level has been allowed to reach a satisfactory point consistent with the full employment of the available productive resources. Mr. McGregor thus bases his plans for the redistribution of the national wealth upon the public management of both internal and external prices, the former by internal currency manipulation and the latter by the control of foreign exchange. He wants the fullest State control in the sphere of exchange, combined with the utmost liberty in the arrangements for internal production, including all matters except the fixing of wages. Free capitalist enterprise he believes to be essential to economic progress, and he proposes in the interests of economic freedom the disallowance by the State of all capitalist arrangements for price maintenance or control of prices as the correlative of his proposal for the public fixing of wage rates. Under his system, he believes, full employment of both capital and labour would be rapidly secured, and the Socialist criticisms of Capitalism promptly disposed of. Mr. McGregor thus belongs to the class of economists who rely on price and currency manipulation as means of solving the world's economic problems; but he goes one further than most of his fellow-projectors by proposing to extend control to the distribution of incomes as well as to other prices.

A RENAISSANCE ALBUM

The Italian Renaissance. Edited by A. K. WICKHAM. *Chatto and Windus.* 5s.

The Renaissance in Italy has, I suppose, less immediacy to-day than it has ever before possessed; it represents a state of mind from which, for better or worse, we have emerged. Our attitude to it has undergone a fundamental change; the artist no longer finds it a cause of emulation, the critic has ceased to look to it as a standard of comparison. Whether we define it by style or, like the editor of this volume, more dubiously by time, it is a completed movement. The modern conception of the Renaissance, as a result, tends to stress its individual and provincial rather than its central and authoritarian character. Our view of its inception has been re-orientated since the eclecticism of Florentine painting of the Dugento, its susceptibility to Sienese influence in the succeeding century and the far from retardatory function of the later Giottesque painters have been generally acknowledged. We no longer follow Crowe (not, as Mr. Wickham prints it, Crane) and Cavalcaselle in taking Umbria as the norm from which departure is vulgarity.

Those who hold that an introduction to a subject such as this should, if it is to have contemporary value, reflect contemporary opinion, will find Mr. Wickham's selection of plates disappointingly old-fashioned. "The principle," he writes "has frankly been not to air new discoveries, still less the taste of the compiler, but to set together in convenient form masterpieces which have received general recognition, together with the sparing addition of a few works less well-known, but, it is claimed, also representative of the great fountain of civilisation which we know as the Renaissance." It is the business of the publisher, not of the reviewer, to ask himself where there may be a market for further reproductions of the *Primavera*, the *Cenacolo* and the Castelfranco *Madonna*, but the reviewer may quite legitimately question the value of the comments with which they are here paraded. "It will not help us," Mr. Wickham asserts in a preliminary tilt against the art of his own day, "to judge them by the formulae of those critics who invite our admiration for all traditions but our own," and he goes on to list time-worn complaints that the Capella Spagnuoli "gives no new message in art" (in place of stressing it as a major innovation in large-scale decoration) and that Siena (where we should expect specific reference to Simone Martini and the Lorenzetto) had no Masaccio. Leonardo, whatever Valéry and Séailles may have said, remains for Mr. Wickham a mediaeval thinker, while his admiration for Michelangelo's virility is so oppressive that the Correggios in the gallery at Parma give him a bad attack of aesthetic indigestion.

More significant is the influence of Mr. Wickham's point of view on the choice of the reproductions themselves. Duccio he treats as a minor painter, and post-Ducciesque Sienese painting as a wash-out. Good, we will reproduce the National Gallery *Transfiguration*, an effete Simonesque *Annunciation* at Budapest and ignore the quattrocento. When we cross the Apennines, "religious subjects are frankly abandoned." Obviously then, one of the Hampton Court Mantegnas is called for and the soi-disant Cossa *Autumn*.

All this does not make for a satisfactory volume. If the purpose of the anthology is proselytist, it is improbable that converts will be won over by the appeals, however frequently reiterated, of ghosts of pictures made impersonal by celebrity or consecrated by religious sentiment. Under stress of familiarity the photograph loses its identity. The attraction of the Renaissance, the incredible wealth of its corporate talent and of its individual imagination, the diversity of its achievement, none of these things is adequately suggested by stereotyped reproductions of its major monuments.

The book consists of rather more than a hundred plates, of which approximately half are devoted to painting and half to sculpture and architecture. In justice to Mr. Wickham it should be said that his choice of architectural illustrations is comprehensive and interesting, and in justice to his publishers that the reproduction throughout is of an astonishingly high standard.

JOHN POPE-HENNESSY

ESSAYS, BEGUILING AND OTHERWISE

Both Sides of the Road. By ROBERT LYND. *Methuen.* 5s.
Avowals and Denials. By G. K. CHESTERTON. *Methuen.* 6s.
Portraits by Inference. By HUMBERT WOLFE. *Methuen.* 6s.
Mr. Bridie's Alphabet. By JAMES BRIDIE. *Constable.* 5s.
The Boat Train. Edited by MARY AGNES HAMILTON. *Allen and Unwin.* 5s.

Essays, on the whole, should be as unpretentious and as beguiling as Mr. Lynd's. His leisurely arguments tickle the mind; his prose beguiles the ear. And he is safe. You can smoke your pipe at peace with him. He is no stiff-necked Philistine, to arouse anger, no highbrow devotee of a secret cult, to stir up envy and fear. His only whipping-boy in *Both Sides of the Road* is the worshipper of men of action, whose desire, he suspects, is "not for justice, but for a theatrical way of living." "Would a man who set fire to Westminster Abbey," he says in *Getting Things Done*, "be regarded as a man of action, and must we who refrain from burning it down be content to be looked on as stick-in-the-muds?" In *The Lion and the Sheep* Mr. Lynd comments on Mussolini's choice of the lion as a model for contemporary youth. "The caged lion's life seems little superior to that of a convict, except for the fact that it is pampered at meal-times," and the lion at large "is a beast of prey . . . an assassin that strikes in the dark." "He is no use except for killing Christians, but he can roar magnificently," and this roaring, which we all wish to emulate, is the secret of his charm for human beings. Perhaps it is; but even Mr. Lynd's blarney cannot make that contemptuous-looking and stupid animal, the elderly sheep, into a venerable object.

Mr. Chesterton is not exactly unpretentious, but his character as an essayist is so well-established that, were he to dismount from his charger (or rocking-horse, if you see it like that) and write like a pedestrian or a motorist, a howl of dismay would ensue. Of course Mr. Chesterton is too wise to do that, realising that if a man only sticks to his public character he can say what he likes. He can be unfair; he can contradict himself; but if he treats his public to the kind of thing it expects, it will enjoy the book and remember some of his sayings about monsters, prohibitionists, sociology and what-not. The style, the wit and the colour of *Avowals and Denials* are authentic. But unless I am seeing nuances where there are none, Mr. Chesterton is beginning to wonder, after all these years of fighting the air, where his imaginary antagonists have got to.

An essayist has to expose himself, and then cajole us somehow into accepting his public self in a kindly spirit and believing that no ironical other self is withheld from view. If he laughs at his public he must do it publicly. I had a feeling while reading *Portraits by Inference* that Mr. Wolfe was in hiding: that he was afraid of his public and trying to impress it with sleight of hand. Anyway, he produced likeness after likeness of eminent men—Balfour, Briand, Sir Alfred Bateman, Albert Thomas, Arnold Bennett, George Moore, Flecker, Lord Curzon—from up his sleeve like a conjuror; and the shots had all been taken in so curious a light that it was impossible to tell whether they were fakes or not. They are clever; they are unusual; but I think they are fakes. However, I am willing to forgive Mr. Wolfe a

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JANUARY 21

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Mr. James Bridie makes his debut as an essayist with an *Alphabet for Little Glasgow Highbrows*. He is uncomplimentary, and yet appreciative, about Camels; he is satirical about Holidays. Confronted with the letter V, he writes of virtue, villainy and violence in nineteenth-century melodrama as seen by twentieth-century eyes. Mr. Bridie has a light touch and a shrewd satirical eye. He writes gaily, with an impish glee which makes light of any obstacle whatever. Probably the satire on the people who laughed at Noah is his masterpiece, but the whole alphabet is worth preserving.

The Boat Train is a collection of broadcast talks by travellers. Divorced from the voice of the man or woman who has "been there," most of them are thin, but the adventures of Priscilla, the archaeologist's baby, as told by Wilfrida Leakey, make entertaining reading.

OLGA MARTIN

SHORTER NOTICES

Snow People. By TAEKI ODULOK. Translated by JAMES CLEUGH. *Methuen.* 5s.

Mr. Odulok has written a narrative of life among his own people, the Chukchees, who inhabit the extreme North-East corner of Asia. That man should succeed in surviving in so hostile an environment is a prodigy of courage and endurance, and Mr. Odulok's vivid writing quickly wins the reader's sympathy for the fine qualities of his simple compatriots. Another book would be welcome in which he should describe what the Soviet Government is doing for this backward people. A small book, this, but well worth reading.

Minor Latin Poets. With Introductions and English Translations by Professor J. WIGHT DUFF and ARNOLD M. DUFF. *Heinemann.* 10s.

This volume is a valuable addition to the Loeb series. The variety of the subjects and styles of its twenty-odd minor poets (some of them all too minor) gives an exceptional interest to the collection. It ranges from the playwright Publilius Syrus, a contemporary of Julius Caesar, who has apophthegms for every contingency, to Rutilius Namatianus, Last of the Latin pagan poets, who describes an amusing journey from Rome to Spezzia at the beginning of the fifth century A.D. Between these are included the pseudo-Virgilian *Aetna*; the bucolics of Calpurnius Siculus and Nemesianus; Reposianus, Modestinus and Pentadius, who show how low Roman literary taste had sunk in the third century; and the collection of copy-book maxims under Cato's name (the editors quote the carpenter in Chaucer's *Miller's Tale*, who married foolishly because "he knew not Catoun, for his wit was rude"). The translations, almost all prose, are good, though naturally rather stilted where the original is less poetical. Each author is prefaced by an introduction which is a model of conciseness and clarity combined with scholarship; and most points of difficulty to the non-classical reader are explained in foot-notes.

Espionage: The Story of the Secret Service of the English Crown. By M. G. RICHINGS. *Hutchinson.* 18s.

The sub-title of this study is more expressive of its content than is "espionage," which is used in so wide a sense that it embraces a statesman like Walsingham and a rascal like Oates, and methods as various as those used by Henry VII in Ireland, Scotland and elsewhere, and those of the Bow Street runners, from whom derives our C.I.D. An immense amount of reading and considerable original research have gone to the making of the book; and the story of the Crown's struggle with traitors from mediaeval times to the Thistlewood conspiracy is told popularly and in the main correctly.

Pilgrims of the Wild. By WA-SHA-QUON-ASIN (Grey Owl). *Lovat Dickson.* 12s. 6d.

This delightful study of the wild does exactly what it sets out to do; which is to convey to the reader the author's intense and intimate communion with Nature. In this autobiography, "Grey Owl" tells us how, inspired by his wife, he practically gave up his livelihood as a trapper to protect the beaver, the trapper's most valuable prey. The rescue of two beaver kittens, whose mother had been trapped and killed, and their subsequent rearing, is described so vivaciously and graphically that we share the author's delight in the companionship of these mischievous, intelligent, tidy, affectionate and talkative animals. There is matter in the book for the animal-psychologist, and, thanks to "Grey Owl's" pertinacity, a colony for observation is now under his care and the protection of the Canadian Government.

The Life and Times of Catherine de' Medici. By FRANCIS WATSON. *Hutchinson.* 18s.

There is rather more of the times and rather less of the life of Catherine de' Medici in this biography, who hardly makes much of a showing until half-way through the book. Mr. Watson is absorbed by the pageantry and gossip of his period. The impression that one receives is splendid but incoherent, and one would have been grateful if a few more solid facts had been included and some of the descriptions of tourneys, marriages and progresses omitted. Apart from this criticism the book represents, faithfully enough, the state of France during the reigns of Francis I and Henry II—although the account of the religious wars which followed is confused. Mr. Watson writes graphically of the massacre of St. Bartholomew. The book contains many excellent reproductions of contemporary paintings.

The Doctor in History. By HOWARD W. HAGGARD. *Oxford University Press.* 17s.

Professor Haggard claims, with some justification, that Medicine is the oldest profession in the world. In describing the earliest human beings who have left any pictorial record, the Cro-Magnon men of forty thousand years ago, he cites a prehistoric picture of the first medicine man. He writes of Hippocrates, Galen, Vesalius, Harvey and Lister, to mention only a few of the beacons which have gradually illuminated the road from Cro-Magnon obscurity to the comparative clarity of to-day. Dr. Haggard also peeps into the bypaths of black magic and witch-craft, of exorcism and spiritual healing, but he shows plainly that he has no sympathy with unorthodox methods, and that he regards Medicine as a science rather than an art. This book, which is profusely illustrated from old woodcuts and engravings, many of them highly diverting, succeeds in providing a popular survey of the history of medicine, despite the difficulty of compressing so vast a subject into the pages of a single volume.

Arts and Craft of the Potter. By GORDON M. FORSYTH. *Chapman and Hall.* 10s. 6d.

The craft of the potter, as Mr. Forsyth points out in his preface, has never been dominated by the machine. Moreover, unlike many of the still existing "mysteries," it is a craft open to the amateur. Its essential secrets were long ago disclosed. To-day training can be secured by anyone, and in recent years the most original and individual work has been to a great extent accomplished by lone workers. Now comes Mr. Forsyth, who is Principal at the City of Stoke-on-Trent Schools of Art, with one of the best technical handbooks ever published. The text and the photographic plates, which show the potter at work, give us the next best thing to watching the work with our own eyes. The equipment required by the studio potter to-day is reduced to a minimum, for the ingredients of the clay can be purchased already prepared, and the most considerable item of expense is the kiln; and Mr. Forsyth commends for the use of schools—his book is particularly addressed to teachers and pupils of technical schools—the electric and gas-fired kilns that are now on the market. There are many excellent plates of old and modern English earthenware.

* * *

The Indulgent Husband, by COLETTE, (*John Long*), reviewed in these columns last week, has been withdrawn from publication.

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Engagements	6,242,724
ASSETS	
Coin, Bank Notes & Balances with Bank of England	39,129,856
Balances with, & Cheques on other Banks	14,840,427
Money at Call & Short Notice	27,126,232
Investments at or under Market Value	118,490,133
Bills Discounted	18,505,695
British Treasury Bills & Treasury Bonds due within four months	46,014,724
Advances to Customers & other Accounts	163,815,240
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No. 253

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RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, Jan. 25th.

2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.

3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION 251

Set by Seacape

We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best rhymed poem, limited to twenty lines, that takes its theme from the following passage : " I will walk the meadows by some gliding stream, and there contemplate the lilies that take no care, and those very many other various little living creatures, that are not only created but fed (man knows not how) by the goodness of the God of nature, and therefore trust in him."

Report by Seacape

Much competent verse was submitted, but much also that was dull by reason of weak imagery or trite phrasing. In relieving competitors, by a set passage, of the first burden of inspiration, I expected them to be free to concentrate on neat workmanship. But many of them seem to have followed Lord Chesterfield's aphorism on economy with this slight adaptation to circumstance—" Take care of the sense, for the sounds will take care of themselves," and to have contented themselves with reproducing the sense of the passage and not being troubled overmuch in the manner of its accomplishment. A few brave souls went off on their own into the byways of humour. The lilies had to stand up to a good deal—" bathed in bliss," " in gorgeous raiment dressed," " in their white innocence of primal sin," " clothed in samite rich and rare "—and were frequently " languid," " care-free," " fragrant " and " immaculate." I dare say that the expression " those very many other various little living creatures " did invite a certain amount of entomo and other—logical discussion, but surely not in the manner of one questioner into the secrets of nature, who asked :

> " Who may unravel from each curious creature
> There its complicated intestines
> And scan the food in each small guts ? "

Pleasant occasions occurred in the entries of Pibwob, John A. Bellchambers, M. L., Rufus, Sylvia Sylvester, Una Monk (" And robeless autumn shivering to her death "), Jane Short, A. S. B., and Michael Holland. T. E. Casson remains severely classical, and William Bliss is always at home on his waterways. One competitor used, without quotation marks, the line " Missing so much and so much." Another spoilt a fair entry with the curiously unpoetical line, " As man's large boot appears."

The entries of H. C. M., Issachar and Carol Stewart were the three that survived the prize-class reading. I recommend Carol Stewart for the first prize, in spite of blemishes and a certain immaturity ; between Issachar and H. C. M. for the second prize I find it difficult to decide, but plump finally for H. C. M. for the better dignity of his verse. Moreover, Issachar was a little weak in her ending. The set passage may be found towards the end of Izaak Walton's *Compleat Angler*. In my edition there is to one of the chapters a tail-piece depicting tadpoles ; I like to think that they may be the identical creatures apostrophised by one competitor : " O wriggling tadpoles yearning to be frogs ! "

FIRST PRIZE

I walked at evening by cool streams
With thousand living creatures bright
That, careless in their joy, drew near
To an eternity of night.

Insects that glittered in the noon
And faded with the fading sun ;
And fish, unheedful through the light,
And still when light was done ;

They toiled not, neither were their days
With grieving overspent.
The slow anxiety of our nights
Passed by their dark content.

Pale lilies also, flowers that bloom
As suns which effortless do rise,
And being risen, light all gloom
With their immortal eyes ;

All these I saw, who being nought,
In God both birth and nurture had,
And, conscious inwardly of this,
In being they were glad.

CAROL STEWART

SECOND PRIZE

By meadowed streams which alders hide,
Where tranquil waters gently glide,
I'll walk and make the lilies swing
Their golden heads unquestioning
If aught of ill to-morrow's morn may bring.

Sweet birds that wanton in the sky,
That flashing jewelled dragon-fly
Those fish that swim—all, everywhere,
Upon their several errands fare
Unracked by haunting doubts, unvexed by care.

Nature's great God—we know not how—
On all His goodness doth bestow ;
His meaner creatures, free from creeds,
Repose on Him who knows their needs,
Whose hand has made them and whose bounty feeds.

H. C. M.

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CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 108.

GOLF AT BUNKERED-BY-HECK

This problem, by Major W. H. Knox, took First Prize in the *Puzzler* composing tourney. It has already been published in *The Sphinx At Play* (the problem, not the solution), but so good a composition deserves to be more widely known. It is reproduced here by permission of Messrs. T. de la Rue, the owners of the copyright.

Four members of the local club, Smith, Jones, Brown and Robinson, played a round last Saturday morning on the following conditions. It was a four-ball match all against all and each player had to pay 2*s.* per hole for the number of holes he was down to each of the others. In addition, the one who took most strokes for the round was to pay for lunch. Unfortunately, they all took the same number of strokes, which was also bogey for the course. They therefore decided that the one who had done the worst round against bogey should stand lunch, and this settled that question, as it was found that they had all lost or won by a different margin.

The foursome match was not without interest. All four got a bogey 4 at the 1st hole; the next two were also halved; at the 4th Brown beat the other three; the 5th was halved; Smith beat Jones at the 6th; Robinson beat Brown at the 7th and 8th; at the 9th Jones got his only 3 during the round, but it was no use to him, as all the others also did this hole in 3. No one took less than 3 or more than 5 at any hole, and bogey consists of 3's, 4's and 5's. The 10th was halved; Smith beat Robinson at the 11th and 12th; the 13th was unlucky for some; Jones beat Smith at the 15th and 17th and the 16th and 18th were halved. During the round all four did the same number of holes in bogey.

The sum of the losses of those of the four who were out of pocket as a result of the match amounts to one penny for every stroke played by them.

How much did the lunch cost?

PROBLEM 105.

MIXED HOCKEY.

A set of Low's cartoons goes to: W. J. Courcouf, Block Seven, Ventnor Hospital.

There were 87 admissible solutions. 5 points are awarded.

To Correspondents.

E.M.W. (*Beaconsfield*). Thanks for your letter. A shorter solution would have been quite in order.—A.F.M. (*W.8*) Thanks. Your address is noted.—C.W.L. (*Cardiff*). I agree with your comments. It *was* a mixed affair, wasn't it? You got full points, such as they are. E.A.H.D. (*Southsea*). Your claim is being submitted. F.R.S. (*Stroud*). As also is your request.

PROBLEM 106.

The composer's solution shows Soaker as the winner of 4*s.* The distribution of games for the five successive nights is

Night.	Games won. C.	S.	Others.				Won or Lost. Crashing-bore.	Soaker.
1	5	3	2	0	0	0	+66*s.*	+12*s.*
2	5	3	1	1	0	0	+67*s.*	+13*s.*
3	5	2	2	1	0	0	+68*s.*	− 4*s.*
4	5	2	1	1	1	0	+69*s.*	− 3*s.*
5	5	1	1	1	1	1	+70*s.*	−14*s.*

This result is most easily arrived at by trial, though I have seen some terrifying formulae.

There are also "cooks," which I think are not quite so satisfactory, but which cannot, I find, be fairly excluded by the wording of the problem, based on winnings by Crashingbore of 16*s.* to 20*s.* inclusive, or of 17*s.* to 21*s.* In the former case Soaker wins 6*s.*; in the latter case, 5*s.* The solution 0*s.* to 4*s.* as the range of Crashingbore's winnings is, I think, excluded by the wording.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

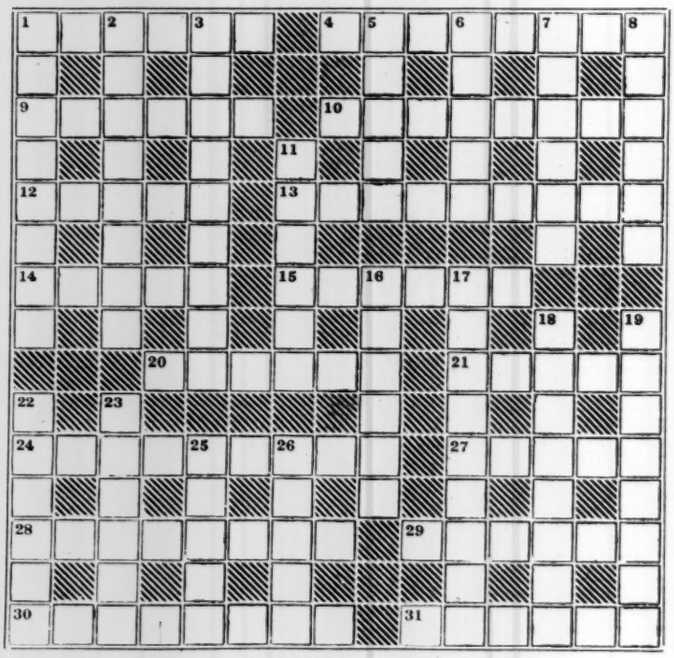
In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize, consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10*s.* Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope; but on separate sheets of paper.

Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

CALIBAN

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 254

The sender of the first correct solution to be opened may choose as prize a copy of either *This England* or *The Playtime Omnibus*. Envelopes should be addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1, and must arrive not later than first post next Wednesday.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is
Lt. Col. H. P. Garwood, 38 Hurlingham Court, S.W. 6.

ACROSS

1. He became a Colonial in 1874.
4. Presumably having a currant expression.
9. A little maid from school, "pert as a schoolgirl well can be."
10. A candidate for this position surely need not be of good standing.
12. Wears badly between wrist and shoulder.
13. Shooting order necessary in most nurseries.
14. London square that invites one to go on with the stuffing.
15. The T.U.C. goes to the bad in disorder.
20. It is creditable to have them.
21. Ah, honour before magic.
24. Command given by the dressing bell.
27. Children keep these birds on a string.
28. The next move after a check perhaps.
29. Fodder in a forge.
30. Apathetic result of keeping an even keel.
31. Officers are outwardly.

DOWN

1. Does it buzz as it turns round?
2. A hearty rascal stole some royal ones.
3. You'd expect these pictures to be water-colours.
5. His son held an original Round Table Conference.
6. Musically loud heather.
7. When these are inverted only half of them are.
8. Strip.
11. So to wipe out an opponent presumably involves pushing his face in.
16. Defeated after being cooked.
17. One way of putting on time?
18. Weather produced by curling tongs?
19. C hurries up.
22. Undo the parcel and find part of a flower.
23. Fishing carts?
25. An Eastern housemaid.
26. Writings in stone.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

A	D	V	O	C	A	T	E	■	S	T	A	C	K	S
L	■	O	■	O	■	■	■	R	■	Y	■	U	■	■
L	A	T	E	R	A	L	S	■	M	A	R	C	U	S
Y	■	E	■	K	■	E	■	A	■	M	■	L	■	P
■	■	■	A	S	I	D	E	S	■	P	R	O	N	E
C	■	S	■	C	■	O	■	T	■	■	■	M	■	N
O	U	T	C	R	Y	■	L	O	N	G	H	E	A	D
N	■	A	■	E	■	E	■	N	■	R	■	T	■	E
T	U	B	E	W	E	L	L	■	C	A	R	E	E	R
R	■	I	■	■	■	E	■	C	■	N	■	R	■	S
A	B	L	E	T	■	C	L	O	U	D	Y	■	■	■
B	■	I	■	H	■	T	■	N	■	J	■	P	■	U
A	S	S	U	R	E	■	A	D	J	U	T	A	N	T
N	■	E	■	E	■	■	■	O	■	R	■	L	■	A
D	O	D	G	E	S	■	C	R	A	Y	F	I	S	H

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ALHAMBRA. Wednesday & Saturday.
The Bing Boys Are Here.

APOLLO. Hyde Park Corner. Wed. & Sat.

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COMEDY. Hi-Diddle Diddle! Tues. & Sat.

DRURY LANE. Cinderella. Daily at 2.0.

DUCHESS. Eden End. Wed. & Sat.

GLOBE. Murder in Mayfair. Tues., Th.

HAYMARKET. Wed. and Sat.
The Moon in the Yellow River.

HIPPODROME. Yes, Madam? Th. & Sat.

HIS MAJESTY'S. "Mary Read." Wed. & Sat.

HOLBORN EMPIRE. Daily at 2.15.
Where the Rainbow Ends.

KINGSWAY. Young England. This Sat.

LYRIC. Theatre Royal. Wed. & Sat.

PHOENIX. Ten Minute Alibi. Thurs. & Sat.

ST. JAMES'. The Shining Hour. Wed., Thur.

S. MARTIN'S. Wind & the Rain. Tues., Fri.

SHAFTESBURY. The Dominant Sex. Th., S.

WYNDHAM'S. Sweet Aloes. Wed. & Sat.

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MARION LORNE. GODFREY TEARLE.
GORDON HARKER. J. H. ROBERTS.

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150th Performance, January 23rd.
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By J. B. PRIESTLEY. (Last Performance Feb. 2nd).

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ANGELA BADDELEY. MARGARET RAWLINGS.
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IVOR NOVELLO, ZENA DARE
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by Anthony Armstrong.

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First Matinee, Sat., Jan. 26.
GWEN FFRANGCON DAVIES in
THE BARRETTS of WIMPOLE STREET
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with GLADYS COOPER, RAYMOND MASSEY.

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NOW IN ITS 2ND YEAR.

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Evenings 8.30, Matinees Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
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Laburnum Grove. By J. B. Priestley.

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THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By TOREADOR

GOLD CLAUSE AND THE DOLLAR—THE OIL CASE AND OIL SHARES—THE THREAT TO BRAZILIAN BONDS

IT is odd that the recovery of the least law-abiding country in the world should be held up again and again by the letter of the law. Last week the United States Supreme Court held that the measures taken by the Government to rationalise the oil industry were illegal. This week the close of the hearings in certain bond-holder cases left it uncertain whether the judges would uphold the abrogation of the gold clause. Of course, if the Supreme Court held that the devaluation of the dollar was unconstitutional, the Government would not allow its ruling to be observed. It would either pack the Supreme Court with judges sworn to support devaluation—the existing judges cannot be dismissed, but their numbers can be increased—or it would take steps to amend the constitution and declare a moratorium on gold debts until the necessary majority in the States had been obtained. (I rule out as indecent the suggestion that the Government should honour an adverse decision, but (*a*) impose a tax on gold payments representing the difference between the old gold dollar and the new and then hand back the tax to the debtors, or (*b*) pay in bar gold and then arrest the recipients for holding gold contrary to the law). In the meantime, some anxiety is likely to prevail while the judges are making up their minds, which will take from four to six weeks. Financing may be held up, equity shares may slump and commodity prices may fall. But it will be all unnecessary. I hope that the Government will consult with Mr. Eddie Cantor and invite him to make some sane, reassuring statement over the radio.

* * *

It was interesting to see that in this exchange flurry some French banks refused to ship gold to New York without a guarantee that it would be paid for at the rate of $35 per ounce. As the American banks cannot swear for the Government, the guarantee was not given and the gold was not shipped. Some nervous gold hoarders thereupon dehoarded. The rumour was even circulated that the United States would suspend its gold purchases and that France would devalue the franc. Had not M. Laval indicated that stabilisation would be discussed in his forthcoming conference in London? Of course, the idea is nonsense but it served to show that some gold hoarders can be frightened into unloading gold on the silliest of rumours. The funk-hole markets are certainly becoming very tender.

* * *

As for the oil case, it does not really matter whether the President's power to prohibit the transportation in inter-State and foreign commerce of oil produced in excess of the regulations is made legal or not. The oil regulations will not be observed in Texas as long as the oil bootleggers can bribe the State officials and railway executives to handle their "hot" oil. After all, the Governor of Texas must be mindful of the terrible deflation which the State would suffer if the oil code were observed and hot oil production were shut down. Oil shareholders should not worry too much because Mr. Ickes, the Federal Oil Administrator, has been defeated in Texas. The oil industry will eventually be saved by the rise in consumption. Gasoline consumption increased in the United States last year by over 7 per cent. and, total oil demand being in excess of new supply by the large margin of 22,000,000 barrels, there was a great improvement in the statistical position of the American oil industry as a whole. As an index of the turnover of the international marketing companies it may be added that consumption of all refined oils increased in 1934 by over 9 per cent. in Great Britain and by about 5 per cent. in Continental Europe. The international oil business may never be what it was, seeing that nationalistic Governments will strive to displace foreign oil by domestic oil produced from coal or shale, but the oil outlook is definitely brighter in America.

* * *

The slump in Brazilian bonds is no joke. The trouble began with the delay in remitting the service on the 6 per cent. and 8 per cent. San Paulo bonds and became worse on the announcement that a Brazilian mission had left for Washington and London "to settle financial relations" between Brazil and the United States and "to solve financial and economic problems which had arisen between Brazil and several European countries." This sounded ominous for Great Britain whose trade with Brazil is not in the latter's favour. Under the four-year debt "settlement" of February, 1934, which the Brazilian Government arrived at by unilateral action, Brazilian loans were graded into eight groups of which only the first two received their full interest. The cost of the debt service under this scheme was stated by the Minister of Finance to be as follows:

	(000's omitted.) 1935. £ Gold.*	1936. £ Gold.*	1937. £ Gold.*
Total Service all loans	4,910	5,340	5,940
Of which—			
Grade I (Funding Loans) take ..	1,450	1,700	1,700
Grade II (San Paulo 7% Coffee, 1930) take	1,455	1,405	1,353

* Converted at present rate of franc exchange.

In addition to this service the Brazilian Government contracted to pay £1,320,000 (sterling) a year in liquidation of frozen commercial credits. It is difficult to see why the service of at least Grade I (i.e., the Funding Loans) should not be met. Even if the imports were higher and exports lower in the last months of 1934 the Brazilian export surplus for the first ten months of 1934 was £8,374,000 (gold) as compared with £6,745,000 (gold) in the corresponding period of 1933. No excuse can therefore exist for default on the Funding Loans, which have always been given a special priority in previous defaults.

* * *

It is possible that the Brazilian Government may seek to differentiate in favour of its dollar loans, seeing that the United States takes over 80 per cent. of the Brazilian coffee crop, and Great Britain is merely a tea-drinking country. The figures of visible trade for the three years ending 1933 between Brazil and the United States and Great Britain are shown in the next table:

	(000's omitted.) Brazilian Imports from. £ Gold.*		Brazilian Exports to. £ Gold.*		Balance. + = Excess Exports. − = Excess Imports. £ Gold.*	
	1932.	1933.	1932.	1933.	1932.	1933.
U.S.A...	6,566	5,958	16,789	16,716	+10,223	+10,758
U.K. ..	4,175	5,469	2,572	2,677	− 1,603	− 2,792

* At old gold parity.

The balance of trade with America is so much in Brazil's favour that it would be surprising if the dollar loans did not receive better treatment than the sterling loans in any future settlement that is made. It might therefore be considered prudent to exchange from the sterling 20-year and 40-year Funding Loans, 1931, into the dollar 20-year Funding Loan, 1931 (all Grade I) and from the 6½ per cent. Sterling, 1927, into the 6½ per cent. Dollar, 1926, and 1927 (all Grade III). The next table sets out the present prices of these loans together with the highest prices ruling in 1934:

	Highest Price, 1934.	Present Price.	Yield %. Flat.	Yield %. Redemption.
Sterling.				
Brazil 5% Funding Bonds, 1931, 20 yr.	87½	65½	7.75	9.25
Brazil 5% Funding Bonds, 1931, 40 yr.	81	55¾	9.13	9.42
Brazil 6½%, 1927	48	28½	7.98*	—
Dollar.				
Brazil 5% Funding Bonds, 1931, 20 yr.	70	57	8.77	10.55
Brazil 6½%, 1926	37	23¾	9.58*	—
Brazil 6½%, 1927	36⅞	23¾	9.58*	—

* Percentage of interest payable in 1934/36 is 35% of normal rate. Since this table was compiled there has been some recovery.

The departure of the Brazilian Mission does not suggest that a complete default is intended. Complete repudiation of obligations could be better executed by cable. But if the rights of British holders of the Funding Loans are to be safeguarded it is essential for the big holders—i.e., insurance companies and investment trusts—to request the Foreign Office to handle the negotiations on their behalf. The maintenance of our overseas investment income has surely become a matter of Government concern.

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LECTURES AND MEETINGS

CONWAY HALL, Red Lion Square, W.C.1.—Sunday, January 20th, at 11 a.m. Prof. F. AVELING, D.Lit.: "MIND IN NATURE." 6.30 p.m. Concert of Chamber Music. Tuesday, January 22nd, at 7 p.m.: P. P. ECKERSLEY: "WIRELESS PROPAGANDA: ITS USES AND DANGERS." Admission Free. Visitors Welcome.

THE GUILDHOUSE, BELGRAVE ROAD, ECCLESTON SQUARE, LONDON, S.W.1. "*FIVE QUARTERS.*" SUNDAY AFTERNOONS, 3.30 to 4.45 p.m. THIRTY-SEVENTH COURSE OF ADDRESSES. "*THE GREAT ADVENTURES OF CIVIL LIFE.*" (Second Series.)

SUNDAYS, 1935.

Jan. 20th. G. L. WALTER, Imperial Airways: "Flying over the Empire." (Lantern Slides.)
„ 27th. MARTIN LINDSAY, Leader of the British Trans-Greenland Expedition, 1934: "Arctic Exploration." (Lantern Slides.)
Feb. 3rd. C. L. HOWARD HUMPHREYS, M.Inst.C.E., M.Inst.M.E.: "Public Health Engineering in Tropical Africa." (Lantern Slides.)
„ 10th. CARL R. RASWAN, Author of *Black Tents of Arabia*: "Life among the Arabian Bedouins." (Lantern Slides.)
„ 17th. Miss D. S. COODE, Member of Council of the College of Nursing: "The Nursing Profession."
„ 24th. C. H. BURWOOD, late R.N.: "Protecting the Fire Fighter."
Mar. 3rd. ROBERT ANNAN, M.Inst.M.M.: "Metal Mining." (Lantern Slides.)

No Tickets are required, but a Collection will be taken.

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A Course of Eight Lectures on "THE ORIGINS OF THE INDIAN SOCIAL SYSTEM" will be delivered by F. J. RICHARDS, M.A.

The first lecture will be on Monday, January 21st, 1935, at 4.30 p.m. The lectures will be open to the public without fee.

PUBLIC MEETING at 7, St. Martin's Place, Trafalgar Square, W.C.2, on Sunday, January 20th, at 8 p.m. Mr. Bonar Thompson will lecture on "THE TRUTH ABOUT BERNARD SHAW."

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Application forms and further particulars may be obtained from the HEAD MISTRESS, Headington School, Oxford. Application forms must be returned not later than February 16th, 1935.

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Further particulars can be obtained from the Town Clerk.

Applications must be received by me not later than the first post Friday, February 8th.

W. JERMYN HARRISON, Town Clerk.

Town Hall, Hove.
10th January, 1935.

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